



Accessions

149.691

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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Received, May, 1873.

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9-6 964 WIFE.—A Pleasant conceited Comedy, wherein is shewed how
a man may choose a good Wife from a bad, as it has been
sundry times acted by the Earle of Worcester's Servants
1621
Sotheby's
May 26, 1857. very rare

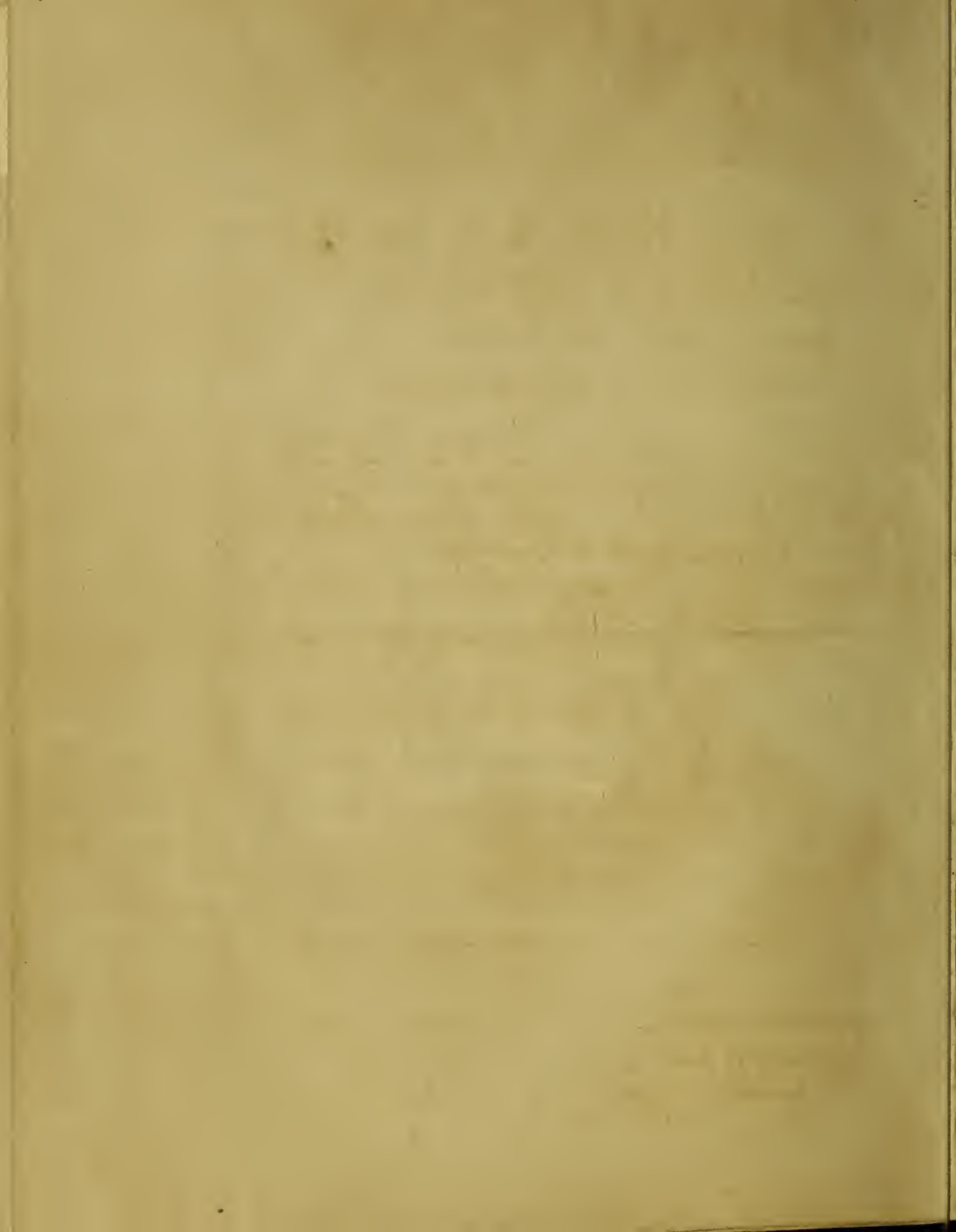
* * The Gordonstoun, the only copy in Lowndes, fetched £2 2s.
There is an early MS. list of the characters in this copy.

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"Written by Joshua Totten" M.S. Note.

See Linsode., p. 19144 The "M.S. Note"
is probably in Brinton's Copy of the Edit. of 1602.

J. P. V.





A PLEASANT CONCEITED CO-

medy, wherein is shewed,
how a man may choose a good
Wife from a bad.

*As it hath been sundry times acted
by the Earle of Worcesters
Servants.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for Mathew Law, and are to be sold at
his shop in *Paules* Church-yard, neere unto
S. *Augustines* gate, at the signe of the
Foxe, 1 6 2 1,

Old Arthur

Old Lusam

Young Arthur Married to Old Lusam's Daughter

Young Lusam

Mr Anselm A Young Gentleman in Love with Y Arthur's wife

Mr Fuller His Friend a wild Young Gentleman

Mr Reason A Foolish ignorant Justice

Sr Aminadab An Ignorant pedantic Schoolmaster

Pipkin Mrs Albur Footman Sent to School

Hugh Justice Reasons Clerk

Brabo A Bully to Maria

Mrs Albur Ill used by her Husband

Maria A Common Strumpet

Mrs Splay A Brand

School Boys

Constables &

Attendants

149.691

May, 1873



A pleasant conceited Comedie,

wherein is shewed; how a man may
choole a good Wife from a bad.

*frances
wollreston
her house*

*Enter (as upon the Exchange) yong Master Arthur,
and Master Lusam.*

ARTHVR.

I Tell you true sir, but to euery man
I would not be so lauish of my speech,
Onely to you my deare and prinate friend,
Although my Wife in euery eye, be held
Of beautie and of grace sufficient,
Of honest birth, and good behauour,
Able to wyne the strongest thoughts to her:
Yet in my mind, I hold her the most hated,
And loathed obiekt, that the world can yeeld.

Lus. Oh *M. Arthur*, beare a better thought
Of your chaste wife, whose modesty hath wonne
The good opinion and report of all:
By heauen you wrong her beautie, she is faire.

Ar. Not in mine eye.

Lu. O, you are cloied with dainties *M. Arthur*,
And too much sweetnesse glutted hath your taste,
And makes you loath them: at the first,
You did admire her beautie, praise her face,
Were proud to haue her follow at your heeles
Through the broad streets, when all censuring tongs,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Found themſelues buſied aſ ſhe paſſ'd along,
To extoll her in the hearing of you both:
Tell me I pray you, and diſſemble not,
Haue you not in the time of your firſt loue,
Hug'd ſuch new popular and vulgar talke,
And glorified ſtill, to ſee her brauely deck'd?
But now a kind of loathing hath quite chang'd
Your ſhape of loue, into a forme of hate,
But on what reaſon ground you this hate?

Ar. My reaſon is my mind; my ground my will,
I will not loue her, if you aſke me why,
I cannot loue her, let that anſwere you.

Lu. Be iudge all eyes, her face deſerues it not:
Then on what roote growes this high branch of hate?
Is ſhe not loyall, conſtant, louing, chaſte,
Obedient, apt to pleaſe, loth to diſpleaſe,
Carefull to liue, charie of her good name,
And iealous of your reputation?
Is ſhe not vertuous, wiſe, religious?
How ſhould you wrong her to denie all this
Good *M.* *Arthur* let me argue with you.

They walke and talke.

*Enter walking and talking M. Anſelem,
and Maſter Fuller.*

Ful. Oh *M. Anſelem*, growne a loue! ſie,
What might ſhe be, on whom your hopes relie?

Anſ. What fooles they are that ſeeme moſt wiſe in
How wiſe they are, that are but fooles in loue, (loue
Before I was a loue, I had reaſon
To iudge of matters, cenſure of all ſorts:
Nay, I had wit to call a loue foole,
And looke into his folly with bright eyes;
But now intruding Loue dwels in my braine,

And

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

And frantickly hath shouldred reason thence,
I am not old, and yet alas I doate:
I haue not lost my sight, and yet am blind,
No bondman, yet haue lost my liberty,
No naturall foole, and yet I want my wit.
What am I then? let me define my selfe,
A doater yong, a blind man that can see,
A witty foole, a bond-man that is free.

Enl. Good aged youth, blind seer, and wise foole,
Lose your free bonds, & set your thoughts to schoole.

Enter old M. Arthur, and old M. Lusam.

Old Ar. Tis told me *M. Lusam*, that my sonne
And your chaste daughter whom we matcht together,
Wrangle and fall at odds, and brawle, and chide.

Old Lu. Nay, I thinke so, I neuer lookt for better.
This is to marry children when they are yong,
I said as much at first, that such yong brats
Would gree together, euen like dogs and cats.

Old Ar. Nay, pray you *M. Lusam*, say not so, (yong,
There was great hope, though they were matcht but
Their vertues would haue made the simpathise,
And liue together like two quiet Saints.

Old Lu. You say true, there was great hope indeed
They would haue liu'd like Saints, but wher's the fault?

Old Ar. If same be true, the most fault's in my son.

Old Lu. You say true *M. Arthur*, tis so indeed.

Old Ar. Nay sir, I doe not altogether excuse
Your daughter, many lay the blame on her.

Old Lu. Ha, say you so, bithmasse like enough,
For from her childhood she hath beene a shrew.

Old Ar. A shrew, you wrong her, al the town admires
For mildnesse, chastnesse, and humility. (her

Old Lu. Fore God you say well, she is so indeed.

The Cittie doth admire her for these vertues.

Old Ar. O sir, you praise your child to palpably,
Shees milde and chaste, but not admir'd so much.

Old Lu. I, so I say, I did not meane admir'd.

Old Ar. Yes, if a man doe well consider her,
Your daughter is the wonder of her Sexe.

Old Lu. Are you aduise of that, I cannot tell
What tis you call the wonder of her sexe,
But she is, is she, I indeed she is.

Old Ar. What is she? (is

Old Lu. Euen what you will, you know best what she

Ans. Yon is her husband, let vs leaue this walke,
How full are bad thoughts of suspicion,
I loue, but loath my selfe for louing so,
Yet cannot change my disposition.

Fuller. *Medice, cura te ipsum.*

Ans. *Hei mihi quod melius amor est medicabilis herbis.*

Yong Ar. All your perswasions are to no effect.
Neuer alledge her vertues, nor her beautie,
My setled vnkindnesse hath begot
A resolution to be vnkind still.
My ranging pleasures loue varietie.

Yong Lu. Oh too vnkind vnto so kinde a wife,
Too vertuelesse to one so vertuous,
And too vnchaste vnto so chaste a matron.

Yong Ar. But soft sir, see where my two fathers are
Busily talking, let vs shrinke aside,
For if they see me, they are bent to chide.

Exeunt.

Old Ar. I thinke tis best to goe straight to the house,
And make them friends againe: what thinke you sir?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Now I remember too, that's not so good,

Fo

For diners reasons I thinke best stay here,
And leaue them to their wrangling, what thinke you?

Old Lu. I thinke so too.

Old Ar. Nay we will goe, that's certaine. (to go.

Old Lu. I, tis best, tis best in sooth: there's no way but.

Old Ar. Yet if our going should breed more vnrest,
More discord, more dissention, more debate,
More wrangling where there is enough already,
Twere better stay then go.

Old Lu. For God tis true,
Our going may perhaps breed more debate,
And then we may too late wish we had staid:
And therefore if you will be rul'd by me,
We will not go, that's flat: Nay if we loue
Our credits, or our quiet, lets not goe.

Old Ar. But if we loue their credits, or their quiet, we
And reconcile them to their former loue: (must goe
Where there is strife betwixt man and wife tis hell,
And mutuall loue may be comparde to heauen:
For then their soules and spirits are at peace,
Come *M. Lu* sam now tis dinner time,
When we haue dinde, the first worke we will make,
Is to decide their iarres for pittie sake.

Old Lu. Well fare a good heart, yet are you aduise,
Goe, said you *M. Arthur*? I will runne,
To end these broyles that discord hath begunne.

Exeunt.

Enter mistresse Arthur, and her man Pipkin.

Mi. Ar. Come hither *Pipkin*, how chance thou tread

Pip. For feare of breaking mistresse. (so softly.

Mi. Ar. Art thou afraid of breaking, how so?

Pip. Can you blame me mistres, I am crackt already.

Mi. Crackt *Pipkin*, how, hath any crackt your crown?

Pip. No

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Pi. No mistres, I thank God my crown is currant, (but,

Mi. Ar. But, what?

Pip. The maid gaue me not my supper yesternight, so that indeed my belly wambled, and standing neare the great sea-cole fire in the hall, and not being tull, on the lodaine I crackt, and you know mistres a *pipkin* is soone broken.

Mi. Ar. Sirra, run to the Exchange, and if you there Can find my husband, pray him to come home, Tell him I will not eate a bit of bread Vntill I see him: prethee *Pipkin* runne,

Pip. Bur Lady mistres, if I should tell him so, it may be he would not come, were it for no other cause but to saue charges, ile rather tel him, if he come not quickly, you will eate vp all the meate in the house, and then if he be of my stomacke, he will runne euery foote, and make the more hast to dinner.

Mi. Ar. I, thou maist iest, my heart is not solight, It can digest the least conceit of ioy; Intreat him fairely, though I thinke he loues All places worse that he beholds me in, Wilt thou be gone?

Pip. Whither mistres, to the Change?

Mi. Ar. I, to the Change.

Pip. I will mistres, hoping my *M.* will go so oft to the Change, that at length he will change his minde, and vse you more kindly, Oh it were braue if my master could meet with a Marchant of ill ventures to bargain with him for his bad conditions, and he sell them outright, you should haue a quieter heart, & we all a quieter house: but hoping mistresse you will passe ouer all these iarres and squabbles in good health, as my master was at the making hereof, I commit you.

Mi. Ar.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Mis. Ar. Make hast againe I prethee, till I see him
My heart will neuer be at rest within me:
My husband hath of late so much estranged
His words, his deeds, his heart from me,
That I can seldome haue his company:
And euen that seldome, with such discontent,
Such frownes, such chidings, such impatience:
That did not truth and vertue arme my thoughts,
They would confound me with despaire and hate,
And make me runne into extremities.
Had I deseru'd the least bad looke from him,
I should account my selfe too bad to liue:
But honouring him in loue and chastity,
All iudgements censure freely of my wrongs.

Enter young Arthur, Master Lusam, Pipkin.

Yon. Ar. Pipkin, what said she when she sent for me?

Pip. Faith master she said little, but she thought more,
For she was very melancholy.

Yon. Ar. Did I not tell you she was melancholly
For nothing else but that she sent for me,
And fearing I would come to dine with her.

Yon. Lu. O you mistake her, euen vpon my soule
I durst affirme you wrong her chastity,
See where she doth attend your comming home.

Mi. Ar. Come master *Arthur*, shall we in to dinner?
Sirra be gone, and see it seru'd in.

Yon. Lu. Will you not speake vnto her?

Yon. Ar. No not I, will you goe in sir?

Mi. Ar. Not speake to me, not once looke towards
It is my duty to begin I know, (me?)
And I will breake this ice of curtesie,
You are welcome home sir.

Yon. Ar. Marke master *Lusam* if she mocke me not:

B

You

A pleasant conceited Comedie

You are welcome home sir, am I well come home,
Good faith I care not if I be or no.

Yong Lu. Thus you misconstrue all things *M. Arthur*,
Looke if her true loue melt not into teares.

Yong Ar. She weepes, but why? that I am come so
To hinder her of some appointed guests, (loone,
That in my absence reuels in my house:
She weepes to see me in her companie;
And were I absent, she would laugh with ioy:
She weepes to make me wearie of the house;
Knowing my heart cannot away with griefe.

Mi. Ar. Knew I that mirth would make you loue me
I would enforce my heart to be more merrie. (bed,

Yon. Ar. Do you not heare? she would enforce her
All mirth is forc'd that she can make with me (heart,
Yon. Lu. O mis-conceit, how bitter is thy taste!

Sweet *M. Arthur*, Mistresse *Arthur* too,
Let me intreat you reconcile these iarrs,
Odious to heaven and most abhord of men.

Mi. Ar. You are a stranger sir, but by your words
You doe appeare an honest Gentleman:
If you professe to be my husbands friend,
Persist in these perswasions and be iudge
With all indifferencie, in these discontents.
Sweet husband, if I be not faire enough
To please your eye, range where you list abroad,
Onely at comming home speake me but faire:
If you delight to change, change when you please,
So that you will not change your loue to me:
If you delight to see me drudge, and toile,
Ile be your drudge, because tis your delight:
Or if you thinke me vnworthy of the name
Of your chaste wife, I will become your maide,

Your

how to chooſe a good wife from a bad.

Your ſlaue, your ſeruant, any thing you will,
If for that name of ſeruant, and of ſlaue,
You will but ſmile vpon me now and then:
Or if, as well I thinke you cannot loue me,
Loue where you liſt, onely but ſay you loue me:
Ile feede on ſhadowes, let the ſubſtance goe,
Will you denie me ſuch a ſmall requeſt?
What, will you neither loue nor flatter me?
O, then I ſee your hate here doth but wound me,
And with that hate, it is your frownes conſound me.

Yo. Lu. Wonder of women: why hark you *M. Arthur*
What, is your wife a woman, or a Saint?
A wife, or ſome bright Angell come from heauen?
Are you not mou'd at this ſtrange ſpectacle?
This day I haue beheld a miracle.
When I attempt this ſacred nuptiall life,
I beg of heauen to finde me ſuch a wife.

Yong Ar. Ha, ha; a miracle, a Progedie,
To ſee a woman weepe is as much pittie,
As to ſee Foxes dig'd out of their holes:
If thou wilt pleaſure me, let me ſee thee leſſe,
Griue much: they ſay griefe often ſhortens life,
Come not to neere me till I call thee wife:
And that will be but ſeldome. I will tell thee
How thou ſhalt winne my heart, die ſodainely,
And ile become a luſtie widdower:
The longer thy life laſts, the more my hate
And loathing ſtill increaſeth towards thee.
When I come home and find thee cold as earth,
Then will I loue thee. Thus thou know'ſt my minde.
Come *M. Luſam.* let vs in to dine. *Exeunt.*

Yong Lu. O ſir, you too much affect this cuill:
Pore ſaint, why wert thou yoakt thus wi. h a diuel? *exit.*

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Ar. If thou wilt win my heart, dye sodainly,
But that my soule was bought at such a rate,
At such a high price as my Sauours bloud,
I would not sticke to loole it with a stab.
But vertue banish all such fantasies,
He is my husband, and I loue him well,
Next to my owne soules health I tender him,
And would giue all the pleasures of the world
To buy his loue, if I might purchase it,
Ile follow him, and like a seruant wait,
And strue by all meanes to preuent his hate. *Exit.*

Enter old Arthur, and old Lusam.

Old Ar. This is my sonnes house, were it best go in?
How say you master *Lusam*?

Old Lu. How, goe in, how say you sir?

Old Ar. I say tis best.

Old Lu. I sir, say you so? so say I too.

Old Ar. Nay, nay, tis not best, ile tell you why,
Happly the fire of hate is quite extinct,
From the dead embers, now to rake them vp,
Should the lean sparke of discontent appeare,
To make the flame of hatred burne a fresh,
The heate of this dissention might scorch vs,
Which in his owne cold ashes smothered vp,
May dye in silence, and reuiue no more.
And therefore tell me, is it best or no?

Old Lu. How say you sir?

Old Ar. I say it is not best.

Old Lu. Maie you say well sir, and so say I too.

Old Ar. But shall we loose our labour to come hither
And without sight of our two children
Goe backe againe? nay, we will in, that's sure.

Old Lu.

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

Old Lu. In quotha, doe you make a doubt of that,
Shall we come thus farre, and in such post hast,
And haue our children here, and both within,
And not behold them ere our backe returne?

It were vnfriendly, and vnfatherly:

Come *M. Arthur*, pray you follow me.

Old Ar. Nay, but harke you sir, will you not knocke?

Old Lu. Is't best to knocke?

Old Ar. I, knocke in any case.

Old Lu. T was well you put it in minde to knocke?

I had forgotten it else I promise you. (doore,

Old Ar. Tush, ist not my sonnes and your daughters
And shall we two stand knocking? Leade the way.

Old Lu. Knock at our childrens dores, that were a iest,
Are we such tooles to make our selues so strange,
Where we should still be boldest? in for shame,
We will not stand vpon such ceremonies. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ful. Speake, in what kew sir do you find your heart
Now thou hast slept a little on thy loue?

Ans. Like one that strives to shun a little splash
Of shallow water, and auoiding it,
Plunges into a riuer past his depth.

Like one that from a small sparke steps aside,
And falls in headlong to a greater flame.

Ful. But in such fires scorch not thy selfe for shame:
If she be fire, thou art so farre from burning,
That thou hast scarce yet warme thee at her face:
But list to me, ile turne thy heart from loue,
And make thee loath all of the feminine sexe.
They that haue knowne me, knew me once of name
To be a perfect wencher, I haue tried,
All sorts, all sects, all states, and find them still
Inconstant, sickle, alwaies variable,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Attend me man, I will prescribe a method,
How thou shalt win her without all peraduenture.

Ans. That would I gladly heare.

Ful. I was once like thee,
A sigher, melancholic, humorist,
Crosser of armes, a goer without garters,
A hat-band hater, and a buske point wearer,
One that did vse much bracelets, made of haire,
Rings on my fingers, iewels in mine eares:
And now and then a wenches Carkaner,
That had two letters for her name in pearle;
Scarfs, garters, bands, wrought wallcoats, Gold stitche
A thousand of these female fooleries, (caps,
But when I lookt into the glasse of reason, strait I began
To loath that female brauery, and henceforth
Study to craue peccans to the world.

Ans. I pray you to your former argument,
Prescribe a meanes to win my best belou'd.

Ful. First be not bashfull, bar all blushing tricks
Be not too apish female, do not come
With foolish Sonets to present her with,
With legs, with curtesies, congies and such like,
Nor with pend speeches, or too farre fetcht sighs,
I hate such antique quaint formality.

Ans. O but I cannot watch occasion,
Shee dashes euery proffer with a frowne,

Ful. A frowne, a foole, thou afraid of frownes?
He that will leaue occasion for a frowne,
Were I his iudge (all you his case bemone)
His doome should be, euer to lie alone.

Ans. I cannot chuse, but when a wench saies nay
To take her at her word, and leaue my sute.

Ful. Continue that opinion, and be sure,
To die a virgin chaste, a maiden pure,

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

It was my chance once in my wanton dayes,
To court a wench, harke and ile tell thee how,
I came vnto my Loue, and ſhe lookt coy,
I ſpake vnto my Loue, ſhe turnde aſide,
I toucht my Loue, and gan with her to toy,
But ſhee ſate mute for anger, or for pride;
I ſtriu'd and kiſt my Loue, ſhe cride away,
Thou wouldeſt haue left her thus, I made her ſtay.
I catcht my Loue, and wrung her by the hand,
I tooke my Loue, and ſet her on my knee,
And puld her to me, O you ſpoile my band,
You hurt me ſir, pray let me goe quoth ſhe,
I am glad quoth I, that you haue found your tongue,
And ſill my Loue I by the fingers wrung:
I aſkt her if ſhe lou'd me, ſhe ſaid no,
I bad her ſweare, ſhe ſtraight calls for a booke,
Nay then thought I, tis time to let her go,
I eaſde my knee, and from her caſt a looke,
She leaues me wondring at theſe ſtrange affaires,
And like a wind ſhe trips me vp the ſtaires,
I leſt the roome below, and vp I went
Finding her throwne vp on her wanton bed,
I aſkt the cauſe of her ſad diſcontent,
Further ſhe lies, and making roome ſhe ſed,
Now ſweeting kiſſe me, hauing time and place,
So clings me to her with a ſweet embrace.

Anſ. If poſſible, I had not thought till now
That women could diſſemble. *M. Fuller.*

*Heere dwels the ſacred miſtreſſe of my heart,
Before her dore ile frame a friuolous walke,
And ſpying her, with her deuife ſome talke.*

*Enter as out of the houſe, M. Arthur, Miſtreſſe Arthur, old
Arthur, old Luſam, yong Luſam, Pipkin and the reſt.*

Full. What ſtir is this, lets ſtep but out the way,
And heare the vmoſt what theſe people ſay. *old*

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Old Ar. Thou art a knaue, although thou be my son,
haue I with care and trouble brought thee vp,
To be a staffe and comfort to my age,
A piller to support me, and a crutch
To leane on in my second infancy,
And doost thou vse me thus? Thou art a knaue.

Old Lu. A knaue, I marry, and an arrant knaue:
And sirra, by old master *Arthurs* leane
Though I be weake and old, Ile prooue thee one.

Yong Ar. Sir, though it be my fathers pleasure thus
To wrong me with the scorned name of knaue
I will not haue you so familiar,
Nor to presume vpon my patience.

Old Lu. Speake M. *Arthur*, is he not a knaue?

Old Ar. I say he is a knaue.

Old Lu. I then so say I.

Yong Ar. My father may command my patience;
But you sir, that are but my father in law,
Shall not so mocke my reputation,
Sir, you shall find I am an honest man.

Old Lu. An honest man!

Yong Ar. I sir, so I say.

Old Lu. Nay, if you say so, Ile not be against it:
But sir, you might haue vsde my daughter better,
Then to haue beate her, spurnde her, raild at her
Before our faces.

Old Ar. I, therein Sonne *Arthur*,
Thou shewdst thy selfe no better then a knaue.

Old Lu. Marry did he, I will stand to it,
To vse my honest daughter in such sort,
He shewd himielfe no better then a knaue.

Yong Ar. I say againe I am an honest man,
He wrongs me that shall say the contrary.

Old Lu. I grant sir that you are an honest man,

Nor.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Nor will I say vnto the contrary.

But wherefore doe ye vse my Daughter thus?

Can you accuse her of vnchastity,

Of loose demeanour, disobedience, or disloyalty?

Speake, what canst thou obiekt against my daughter?

Old Ar. Accuse her, here she stands, spit in her face,
If she be guilty in the least of these.

Mis, Ar. O Father be more patient, if you wrong
My honest husband, all the blame be mine,
Because you doe it onely for my sake,
I am his hand-maid, since it is his pleasure
To vse me thus, I am content therewith,
And beare his checkes and crosses patiently.

Yon, Ar. If in mine owne house I can haue no place,
Hee seeke it else where, and frequent it lesse.
Father, I am now past one and twenty yeares,
I am past my mothers pampring, I sucke not,
Nor am I dandled on my mothers knee:
Then if you were my father twenty times,
You should not chuse but let me be my selfe.
Do I come home so seldome, and that seldome
Am I thus baited, wife, remember this,
Father farewell, and father in law adue:
Your son had rather fast then feast with you. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Wel, go to wild oats, spend thrift prodigal,
Hee crosse thy name quight from my reckning booke:
For these accounts, faith it shall scath thee some what,
I will not say what, somewhat it shall be.

Old Lu. And it shal scath him somewhat of my purse,
And daughter I will take thee home againe,
Since thus he hates thy fellowship,
Be such an eye-sore to his eye no more,
I tell thee, thou no more shalt trouble him. (ther?

Mis, Ar. Will you diuorce whom god hath put toge-

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Or brake that knot the sacred hand of heauen
Made fast betwixt vs. Haue you neuer heard
what a great curse was laid vpon his head
That breakes the holy band of mariage,
Diuorling husbands from their chosen wiues,
Father I will not leaue my *Arthur* so,
Not all my friends can make me prooue his foe.

Old Ar. I could say somewhat in my sons reproofe,

Old Lu. Faith so could I.

Old Ar. But tell I meete him, I will let it passe.

Old Lu. Faith so will I.

Old Ar. Daughter farewell, with weeping eyes I part
witness these teares, thy greefe sits neare my heart,

Old Lu. Weepes *M. Arthur*, nay then let me cry,
His cheekes shall not be wet, and mine be dry. *Exeunt.*

Mis. Ar. Fathers farewell, spend not a teare for me,
But for my husbands sake let those woes be,
For when I weepe, ti's not for my owne care,
But feare, least folly bring him to despaire.

Yon. Lu. Sweete Saint continue still this patience,
For time will bring him to true penitence,
Mirror of vertue, thanks for my good cheare,
A thousand thanks.

Mis. Ar. It is so much to deare:
But you are welcome for my husbands sake,
His guest shal haue the best welcom I can make. (*mon*
Xo. L. Then mariage nothing in the world more com-
Nothing more rare then such a vertuous woman. *Ex.*

Mis. Ar. My husband in this humor well I know
Plaies but the vnthrif: therefore it behoues me,
To be the better huswife heere at home,
To saue and get, whilst he doth laugh and spend,
Though for himselfe he riots it at large,
My neede shall defray my household charge.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Ful. Now Maister Anselme to her, step not backe,
Busle your selfe, see where she sits at worke,
Be not afraid man, thee's but a woman,
And women the most cowards seldome feare,
Thinke but vpon my former principles,
Twenty pounds to a dram you speed.

Ans. I, say you so?

Ful. Beware of blushing sirrah,
Of feare and too much eloquence,
Raile on her husband his misusing her,
And make that serue thee as an argument,
That she may sooner yeeld to doe him wrong:
Were it my case, my Loue, and I to plead,
I hau't at fingers ends, who could misse the clour,
Hauing so faire a white, such steaddy aime,
This is the vpshot, now bid for the game.

Ans. Faire mistres, God saue you.

Ful. What a circumstance begins he with, what an
To tell her at the first that she was faire, (Asse is he,
The onely meanes to make her to be coy:
He should haue rather told her she was foule,
And brought her out of loue quite with her selfe,
And being so, she would the lesse haue carde,
Vpon whose secrets she had laid her loue:
He hath almost mard all with that word faire.

Ans. Mistres, God saue you.

Ful. What a block is that,
To say, God saue you, is the fellow mad
Once to name God in his vngodly sute?

Mi. Ar. Y'are welcome sir, come you to speake with
Or with my husband, pray you whats your will? (me,

Ful. She answers to the purpose, whats your will?

O! zownes that I were there to answer her.

Ans. Mistres, my will is not so soone exprest,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Without your speciall fauour, and the promise
Of loue and pardon if I speake amisse.

Ful. O asse, O duns, O blockhead that haue left
The plaine broad high way, and the readiest path,
To trauell round about by circumstanée,
He might haue told his meaning in a word.
And now hath lost his opportunity,
Neuer was such a trewant in Loues schoole,
I am ashamde that ere I was his tutor.

Mi. Ar. Sir, you may freely speake what ere it be,
So that your speech sureth with modesty.

Ful. To this now could I answer passing well.

Ans. Mistres, I pittying that so faire a creature.

Ful. Still faire, and yet I warnd the contrary.

Ans. Sould by a villaine be so fowly vñde as you haue

Ful. I, that was well put in, (beene-
If time and place were both conuenient.

Ans. Haue made this bold intrusion to present
My loue and seruice to your sacred selfe.

Ful. Indifferent, that was not much amisse.

Mi. Ar. Sir, what you meane by seruice and by loue
I will not know: but what you meane by villaine
I faine would know.

Ans. That villaine is your husband,
Whose wrongs towards you are bruted through the
O can you suffer at a peasants hands, (land:
Vñworthy once to touch this silken skinne,
To be so rudely beate and buffered?

Can you indure from such infectious breath,
Able to blast your beauty, to haue names
Of such impoisoned hate flung in your face?

Ful. O that was good, nothing was good but that,
That was the lesson that I taught him last.

Ans. O can you heare your neuer tainted same

Wound.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Wounded with words of shame and infamie,
O can see your pleasures dealt away,
And you to be debarr'd all part of them,
And bury it in deepe obliuion?
Shall your true right be still contributed,
Mongst hungry bawds, insatiable Curtisants?
And can you leaue that villaine by whose deede,
Your soule doth sigh, and your distressed heart bleed?

Ful. All this as well as I could wish my selfe.

Mis. Ar. Sir, I haue heard thus long with patience
If it be me you terme a villaines wife,
Insooth you haue mistooke me all this while,
And neither know my husband nor me selfe,
Or else you know not man and wife is one,
If he be calde a villaine, what is she,
Whose heart and loue, and soule is one with him?
Tis pittie that so faire a Gentleman,
Should fall into such villaines company,
Oh Sir, take heede, if you regard your life,
Meddle not with a villaine, or his wife. *Exit.*

Ful. O that lame word villaine hath marde all:

An. Now wher's your instruction? wher's the Wench
Where are my hopes? where your directions?

Ful. VVhy man, in that word villaine you mar'd all:
To come vnto an honest wife, and call
Her husband villaine, were she neuer so bad,
Thou mightst well thinke she would not brooke that
For her owne credite, though no loue to him, (name;
But leaue not thus, but trie some other meane,
Let not one way thy hopes make frustrate cleane.

Asf. I must persist my Loue against my will,
He that knowes all things, knows I proue this ill. *Exeunt.*

Enter Amipadab with a rod in his hand, and ii. or

iii. boys with their bookes in their hands.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Ami. Come boyes, come boyes, rehearse your parts,
And then *ad prandium, iam iam incipe*:

1 Boy, Forsooth my lesson's torne out of my booke.

Ami. *Quæ caceris Cartis deservisse decet*:

Torne from your booke, ile tare it from your breech

How say you mistres *Virga* will you suffer

Hic puer bona indolis to teare

His lessons, leaues and lectures from his booke?

1 Boy, Truly forsooth, I laid it in my seate,
While *Robin Glade* and I went into *Campis*,
And when I came againe my booke was torne.

Am. O *mus* a mouse, was euer heard the like?

1 Boy, O *domus* a house, maister I could not mend it.

2 Boy, O *Pediculus* a lowse, I know not how it came.

Ami. All towardly boyes, good schollers of their
The least of these is past his Accidence, (times
Some at *Qui mihi*: heere's not a boy
But he can consier al his Grammer Rules:

Sed ubi sunt Sodales, not yet come?

Those *tarde venientes*, shall be whipt.

Vbi est Pipkin, wher's that lazie knaue?

He playes the trewant euey Saturday,

But mistris *Virga*, lady *Willowbie*

Shall teach him, that *Diluculo surgere*

Est saluberimum, here comes the knaue.

Enter Pip.

1 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

2 Boy *Tarde, tarde, tarde.*

Am. *Huc ades Pip.* reach a better rod,
Cur tam tarde venis? speake, where hast thou beene?
Is this a time a day to come to schoole:

Vbi fuisti, speake where hast thou beene?

Pip. *Magister quomodo vales?*

Ami. Is that *responsio* fitting my demand?

Pip. *Etiã certe* you aske me where I haue bin & I say,

Quo

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Quomodo vales, as much to say, com out of the alehouse

Ami. Vntrusse, vntrusse, nay helpe him, helpe him.

Pip. *Queso preceptor*, *queso*, for Gods sake do not whip
Quid est Gramatica? (me,

Ami. Not whip you. *Quid est Gramatica*, what's that

Pip. *Gramatica est*, that if I vntrusse, you must needs
whip me vpon them: *Quid est Gramatica?*

Ami. When then, *dic mihi*, speake where hast thou bin?

Pip. Forsooth my mistris sent me of an arrant, to fetch
my *M.* from the exchange, wee had strangers at hom at
dinner, and but for the I had not come *tarde*, *queso pre-*

Ami. Conster your lesson, perce it, *ad vnguem* (ceptor
et condemnato too, ile pardon thee.

Pip. That I will *M.* and if youle giue me leaue, (*expone*

Am. *Propriaq; maribus tribuuntur mascula dicas*, *expone*

Pip. Conster it master? I will, *Dicas* they say, *propria* the
proper man, *que maribus* that loues mary-bones, *mascu-*
la mis-call'd mee,

Ami. A pretty queint, and a new construction.

Pip. I warrant you Maister, if there bee any mary-
bones in my lesson, I am an ould dog at them, How co-
ster you this Maister: *Rostra desertus amat?*

Ami. *desertus* a disard; *amat* doth loue; *Rostra* Rostmeat.

Pip. A good construction on an empty stomack: Master
now I haue consterd my lesson, my mistris would pray
you to let me come home, to goe of an arrand.

Ami. Your *tres sequitur*, and away.

Pip. *Canis* a hog, *rana* a dog, *porcus* a frog;
Abundum est mihi. Makes a leg, and exit.

Ami. Yours sirra, too then, and *ad prandium*

1 Boy *Apis* a bed genu a knee, *Vulcanus* Doctor Dee:
Viginti minus usus est mihi.

Ami. By *Iunus* lip, and *Saturnus* thumb,
It was *bonus*, *bona*, *bonum*,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

2. Boy, *Virrum* glasse, *spica* glasse, *tu es Asinus*, you
are an Asse, *precor tibi felicem noctem*.

Ami. Claudite iam libros pueri sat prae bibistis,
Looke when you come againe you tell me *ubi fustis*
He that minds trish trash, & will not haue a care of his
He I will be-lith lash and haue a sting at his *podix*. (*redix*

Enter young Arthur,

Yon. Ar. A pretty wench, a passing pretty wench,
A sweeter duck all London cannot yeeld,
She cast a glance on me as I pass'd by,
Not *Hellen* had so ravishing an eye.
Heere is the Pedant Sir, *Aminadab*,
I will inquire of him, if he can tell
By any circumstance, whose wife she is:
Such fellows commonly haue intercourse
Without suspicion, where we are debard.
God saue you Sir *Aminadab*.

Ami. Salve tu quoq; would you speake with me?
You are I take it, and let me not lie,
For as you know, *Mentiri non est meum*,
Youn M. *Arthur*, *quid vis*. what will you?

Yon. Ar. You are a man I much rely vpon:
There is a pretty wench dwels in this streete,
That keepes no shop, nor is not publike knowne:
At the Two posts, next turning at the lane,
I saw her from a window looking out:
O, could you tell me how to come acquainted,
With that sweete lasse, you should command me sir,
Euen to the vtmost of my life and power.

Ami. Dii boni, boni, tis my loue he meanes,
But I will keepe it from this Gentleman;
And so I hope make trial of my loue.

Yon. Ar. If I obtaine her, thou shalt win thereby,
More then at this time, I wil promise thee.

Ami.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Ami. Quando venis apud, I shall haue two hornes on my Caput.

Yon. Ar. What if her husband come & find one there

Ami. Nunquam, time neuer feare,
She is vnmarried I sweare,
But if I helpe you to the deed,
Tu vis narrare how you speed.

Yong Ar. Tell how I speed, I sir, I will to you,
Then presently about it: many thanks,
For this great kindnesse, Sir *Aminadab.*

Ami. If my Puella prooue a drab,
Ile be reueng'd on both, *ambo* shal die,
Shal die by what, for *ego* I,
Haue neuer handled I thanke God,
Other weapon then a rod:
I dare not fight for all my speeches,

Sed Caue, if I take him thus,
Ego sum expers at vntrulle. *Exeunt.*

Enter *Iustice Reason*, *old Arthur*, *old Lusam*, *Mistresse*
Arthur, *young Lusam*, and *Hugh.*

Old Ar. We, Master *Iustice Reason*, come about
A serious matter that concernes vs neare:

Old Lu. I mary doth it sir, concerne vs neare:
Would God sir you would take some order for it.

Old Ar. Why looke ye *M. Lusam* you are such ano-
You will be talking what concernes vs neare, (ther,
And know not why we come to *M. Iustice.*

Old Lu. How, know not I?

Old Ar. No sir, not you.

Old Lu. Well, I know somewhat, though I know not
Then on I pray you. (that,

Iust. Forward I pray, yet the case is plaine,

Old Ar. Why sir, as yet you doe not know the case.

Old Lu. Wel, he knows somewhat, forward *M. Arthur.*

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Old Ar. And as I told you, my vnruely sonne,
Once hauing bid his wife home to my house,
There tooke occasion to be much agrienu'd,
About some household matters of his owne,
And in plaine rearmes, they fell in controuersie.

Old Lu. Tis true sir, I was there the selfe same time,
And I remember many of the words.

Old Ar. Lord what a man are you, you were not there
That time, as I remember you were rid
Downe to the North to see some friends of yours.

Old Lu. Well, I was somewhere, forward M. *Ar.*

Iust. All this is well, no fault is to be found
In either of the parties: pray say on.

Old Ar. Why sir, I haue not namde the parties yet
Nor tucht the fault that is complainde vpon.

Old Lu. Well, you tucht somewhat, forward M. *Ar.*

Old Ar. And as I said, they fell in controuersie,
My sonne not like a husband, gaue her words,
Of great reptoofe, despight and contumely,
Which she poore soule digested patiently,
This was the first time of their falling out;
As I remember, at the selfe same time,
One *Thomas* the Earle of Surreys Gentleman;
Dined at my table.

Old Lu. O, I know him well.

Old Ar. You are the strangest man, this Gentleman
That I speake of, I am sure you neuer saw;
He came but lately from beyond the sea.

Old Lu. I am sure I know one *Thomas*: forward sir.

Iust. And is this all? make me a mittimus,
And send the offender straightwaies to the gaile,

Old Ar. First know the offender, how began the strife
Betwixt this Gentlewoman and my sonne,
Since when sir, he hath vſde her nothing like one

That

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

That should partake his bed, but like a slave.
My coming was, that you being in office,
And in authority, should call before you
My vnthrif sonne, to giue him some aduice,
Which he will take better from you then me
That am his father: heer's the Gentlewoman,
Wife to my sonne, and daughter to this man,
Whome I perforce compeld to liue with vs.

Iust. All this is well, here is your sonne you say,
But she that is his wife, you cannot find.

Yon Lu. You do mistake sir, heer's the Gentlewoman;
It is her husband that will not be found.

Iust. well, all is one, for man and wife are one,
But is this all?

Yong Lu. I, all that you can say,
And much more then you can well put off.

Iust. Nay, if the case appeare thus euident,
Giue me a cup of wine: what, man and wife
To disagree, I prethee fill my cup:
I could say somewat, tut, tut, by this wine,
I promise you, tis good Canary Sacke.

Mis. Ar. Fathers you doe me open violence
To bring my name in puestion, and produce
This gentleman and others here to wittnesse
My husbands shame in open audience,
what may my husband thinke when he shall know
I went vnto the Iustice to complaine:
But *M.* Iustice here, more wise then you
Sayes little to the matter, knowing well
His office is no whit concernd herein,
Therefore with fauour I will take my leaue.

Iust. The woman saith but reason *M. Arthur*,
And therefore giue her licence to depart.

Old. Lu. Here is drie Iustice, not to bid vs drinke,

A pleasant conceited Come dy,

Harke thee my friend, I prethee lend the cup:
Now M. Iustice heare me but one word,
You thinke this woman hath had little wrong,
But by this wine which I intend to drinke:

Iust. Nay saue your oath, I pray you do not sweare,
Or if you sweare, take not too deepe an oath.

Old Lu. Content you, I may take a lawfull oath
Before a Iustice: therefore by this wine.

Yong Lu. A profound oath, wel sworn, & deeple tooke,
Tis better thus, then swearing on a booke.

Old Lu. My Daughter hath bin wronged exceedingly.

Iust. O sir, I would haue credited these words
Without this oath: but bring your Daughter hither,
That I may giue her counsell ere you goe.

Old Lu. Marry Gods blessing on your heart for that,
Daughter giue eare to Iusticie *Reasons* words.

Iust. Good woman, or good wife, or mistris, if you
haue done amisse, it should seeme you haue don a fault:
and making a fault, thers question but you haue done
amisse: but if you walke vprightly, & neither lead to the
right hand nor the left, no question but ye haue neither
led to the right hand nor the left, but as a mā should say
walked vprightly: but it should appeare by these plain
tiffes, that you haue had some wrong, if you loue your
spouse intierly, it shuld seeme you affect him seruently
and if he hate you monstrously, it shuld seeme he loaths
you most exceedingly: and thers the point, at which
I will leaue, for the time passes away: therefore to con-
clude, this is me best counsell, looke that thy husband
so fall in, that hereafter you neuer fall out.

Old Lu. Good counsell, pasſing good instruction,
Follow it daughter. Now I promise you,
I haue not heard such an Oration

This many a day: what remaines, to doe?

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Yo. Lu. Sir, I was cald as witnes to this matter,
I may be gone for ought that I can see.

Iust. Nay stay my friend, we must examine you,
What can you say concerning this debate,
Betwixt yong *M. Arthur* and his wife.

Yong Lu. Faith iust as much I thinke as you can say,
And thats iust nothing.

Iust. How, nothing? come depose him, take his oath,
Sweare him I say, take his confelsion.

Old Ar. What can you say sir in this doubtfull case?

Yon Lu. Why nothing sir,

Iust. We cannot take him in a contrary tale,
For he sayes nothing still, and that same nothing
Is that which we haue stood on all this while,
He hath confest euen all, for all is nothing,
This is your witnes, he hath witnest nothing,
Since nothing then so plainely is confest,
And we by cunning answers and by wit,
Haue wrought him to confesse nothing to vs,
Write his confelsion.

Old Ar. Why, what should we write?

Iust. why nothing: heard you not as well as I,
what he confest? I say write nothing downe.
Mistris we haue dismist you, loue your husband,
which whilst you doe, you shall not hate your husband
Bring him before me, I will vrge him with
This Gentlemans expresse confession
Against you: send him to me, ile not faile
To keepe iust nothing in my memory.
And sir, now that we haue examined you,
we likewise here discharge you with good leaue.
Come *M. Arthur* and *M. Lusam* too,
Come in with me, vnlesse the man were here,
whome most especially the cause concernes,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

VVe cannot end this quarell: but come neere,
And we will tast a glasse of our March beere. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistris Mary, Mistris Splay, and Brabo.

Ma. I prethee tell me *Brabo*, what planet thinkst thou
gouerned at my conception, that *I* liue thus openly to
the world?

Bra. Two Planets rainde at once: *Venus*, thats you,
And *Mars* thats *I*, were in coniunction.

Splay. Prethee, prethee, in faith that coniunction
copulative, is that part of speech that *I* liue by.

Bra. Ha, ha, to see the world, we swaggerers
That liue by oaths and big-mouth'd menaces,
Are now reputed for the tallest men:
He that hath now a blacke muchato

Reaching from eare to eare, or turning vp

Puncto reuerſo, bristling towards the eye:

He that can hang two handsome tools at his side,
Go in disguisd attire, weare iron enough,
Is held a tall man and a souldier.

He that with greatest grace can sweare gogs zounds,
Or in a Tauerne make a drunken fray.

Can cheat at dice, swagger in bawdy houses,
were veluet on his face: and with a grace
Can face it out with, as *I* am a souldier:

He that can clap his sword vpon the boord

Hee's a brane man, and such a man am *I*.

Ma. She that with kisses can both kill and cure,
That liues by loue that sweares by nothing else
But by a kisse, which is no common oath:

That liues by lying, and yet oft tels truth,
That takes most pleasure when she takes most paines,
Shee's a good wench my boy, and such am *I*.

Splay. She is past it, & prayes for them that may,

Bra. Is an old bawde, as you are mistris *Splay*.

Splay

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

Splay. O do not name that name, do you not know,
That I could neuer indure to heare that name?
But if your man would leaue vs, I would reade
The leſſon that laſt night I promis'd you,

Ma. I priſthee leaue vs, we would be alone.

Bra. And will, and muſt: if you bid me be gone.
I will withdraw, and draw on any he,
That in the worlds wide round dare cope with me,
Miſtris fare well, to none I neuer ſpake
So kind a word: my ſaluations are,
Farewell and be hang'd, or in the dieuells name:
what they haue beene my many fraies can tell,
You cannot fight therefore to you farewell. *Exit.* (tion,
Ma. O, this ſame ſwagerer is the bulwark of my reputa-
But *Miſt. Splay,* now to your lecture that you promis'd
Splay. Daughter attend, for I will tell thee now, (me.

What in my yong dayes, I my ſelfe haue tride,
Be rul'd by me and I will make the rich,
You, God be praiſe, are faire, and as they ſay,
Full of good parts; you haue bin often tride,
To be a woman of good cariage,
Which in my mind, is very commendable.

Ma. It is indeede: forward good mother *Splay.*

Splay. And as I tould you, being faire, I wiſh
Sweet Daughter, you were as fortunate;
When any ſuter comes to aſke thy loue,
Looke not into his words: but into his ſleeue:
If thou canſt learne what language his purſe ſpeakes,
Be rul'd by that, that's golden eloquence.

Money can make a ſlauering tongue ſpeake plaine:
If he that loues thee, be deform'd and rich,
Accept his loue, gold hides deformity:
Gold can make limping *vulcan* walke vp right, (ſmooth
Make ſquint eyes look ſtraight, a crab'd face looke

Guildes

A pleasant conceited Comedie,

Guilds copper noses, makes them looke like gold,
Fills ages wrinkles vp, and makes a face
As old as *Nestors*, looke as young as *Cupids*.
If thou wilt arme thy selfe against all shifts,
Regard all men according to their gifts,
This if thou practise, thou, when I am dead
wilt say, old mother *Splay* lost laid thy head.

Enter young Arthur.

Ma. Soft, who comes here? be gone good mistris *Splay*
Of thy rules practise, this is my first day.

Splay. God for thy passion, what a beast am I
To scare the bird that to the net would flie. *Exit.*

You. Ar. By your leaue mistresse.

Ma. what to doe Maister?

Yon. Ar. To giue me leaue to loue you.

Ma. I had rather afford you some loue to leaue me

Yo. Ar. I would you would as soone loue me, as I

Ma. I pray you what are you sir? (could leaue you

Song. Ar. A man ile assure you.

Ma. How should I know that?

Yong Ar. Trie me by my word, for I say I am a man,
Or by my deed, ile proue my selfe a man.

Ma. Are you not Maister *Arthur*?

Yong Ar. Not M. *Arthur*, but *Arthur*, and your ser-
uant sweet Mistresse *Mary*.

Mary. Not Mistres *Mary*, but *Mary*, and your hand-
maid, sweete M. *Arthur*.

Yon. Ar. That I loue you, let my face tell you: that
I loue you more then ordinary, let this kisse testifie: &
that I loue you seruently and intirely, aske this gift, and
see what it will answer you: my selfe, my purse, and all
being wholly at your seruice.

Ma. That I take your loue in good part, my thanks
shall speak for me: that I am pleas'd with your kisse, this
interest

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

interest of another shall certificate you, and that I accept
your gift, my prostrate seruice and selfe shall witnesse
with me, my loue, lips, and sweete selfe, are at your
seruice: wilt please you to come neare sir?

Yong Ar. O that my wife were dead, here would I make
My second choice, would shee were buried,
From our her graue this marigold should grow,
Which in my nuptials I would weare with pride:
Die shall shee, I haue doom'd her destiny.

Ma. Tis newes *M. Arthur* to see you in such a place,
How doth your wife?

Yong Ar. Faith mistress *Mary* at the point of death,
And long she cannot liue, she shall not liue
To trouble me in this my second choise.

Enter Aminidab with a bill and a head peece.

Ma. I pray forbear sir, for here comes my loue,
Good sir for this time leaue me: by this kisse
Your cannot aske the question at my hands
I will deny you; pray you get you gone.

Young Ar. Farewell sweet mistress *Mary.*

Exit.

Ma. Sweet adieu.

Ami. Stand to me bil, and head peece sit thou close
I heare my loue, my wench, my ducke, my deare,
Is sought by many suters, but with this
He keepe the dore, and enter he that dare,
Vinga begon, thy twigs ile turne to Steele.
Thesefingers that were expert in the ierke,
In stead of lashing of the trembling *podes*,
Must learne pash and knocke, and beate and mall,
Cleau pates and *caputs*, he that enters here,
Comes on his death, *mors mortis*, he shall taste.

Ma. Alas poore foole the Pedants mad for lotie,
Thinks me more mad that I would marry him:
Hee's come to watch me with a rusty bill,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

To keepe my friends away by force of armes,
I will not see him but stand still aside,
And here obserue him what he meanes to do.

Ami. O *uinam*, that he that loues her best,
Durst offer but to touch her in this place,
Per Ichouah, & Innonem, hoc
Shall pass his Coxcombe such a knocke,
As that his soule his course shall take,
To *Limbo* and *Auernus lake*.

In vaine I watch in this darke hole,
Would any liuing durst my manhood trie,
And to come vp the straies this way.

Ma. O we should see you make a goodly fray.

Ami. The wench I here watch with my bill,
Anno, amas, amari, still,
Qui audet, let him come that dare,
Death, hell and Limbo be his share.

Enter Brabo.

Bra. Wheres mistris Mary neuer a post here,
A bar of iron gainst which to trie my sword?
Now by my beard a dainty peece of Steele.

Ami. O Ioue what a qualme is this I feele?

Bra. Come hither mal, is none here but we too,
When didst thou see the starueling schoolmaister?
That rat, that shrimp, that spindleshankes, that wren, that
sheepbiter, that leane chittiface, that famine, that leane
enuy, that all bones, that bare anotomy, that iack a lent that
ghost, that shadow, that moon in the waine.

Ami. I waile in woe, I plunge in paine.

Bra. When next I find him here ile hang him vp,
Like a drie Sawfage in the chimney top,
That stock-fish, that poore *John*, that gut of men.

Ami. O that I were at home againe.

Bra. When he comes next, turne him into the streets

Now

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

Now come, lets dance the shaking of the sheetes. *Exit.*

Ami. Qui qua quod: hence boistrous bill, come gentle
Had not grim Malkin stamp and starde, (rod,

Aminadab had little carde,

Or if in stead of this browne bill,

I had kept my mistris *virga* still,

And he vpon anothers backe,

His points vntrust, his breeches slacke,

My countenance he should not dash,

For I am expert in the lash,

But my sweete Lasse, my loue doth flie,

Which shall make me by poyson die,

Per fidem, I will end my life

Either by poison, sword or knife. *Exit*

Enter mistris Arthur and Pipkin.

Mis. Ar. Sirra, when saw you your maister?

Pip. Faith mistris when I last lookt vpon him.

Mi. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. When I beheld him.

Mis. Ar. And when was that.

Pip. Mary when he was in my sight, and that was
yesterday, since whē I saw him not, nor look'd on him
nor beheld him, nor had any sight of him.

Mist. Ar. Was he not at my father in lawes?

Pip. Yes mary was he.

Mi. Ar. Didst thou not intreate him to come home.

Pip. How should I mistres, he came nor there to day.

Mi. Ar. Didst thou not say he was there? (when

Pip. True mistres he was there, but I tould you not
He hath beene there diuers times of late.

Mi. Ar. About your businesse, here ile sit and waite,
His comming home though it be neuer so late,
Now once againe go looke him at the Change,
Or at the Church with sir *Aminadab*.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Tisould mee they vse often conference:

When that is done, get you to scoole againe.

Pip. I had rather play the trewant at home, than goe
seeke my M. at schoole: let me see, what age am I, some
foure and twentie, and how haue I profited? I was fife
yeare learning cris crosse from great *A*, and fife yeare lon-
ger comming to *F*: there I stuck some three yeare before I
could come to *Q*: & so in prolesse of time I came to *e* per
se *e*, & con per se, & tittle: then I got to *a, e, i, o, u*,: after, to
Our father: and in the sixteenth yeare of my age, and fif-
teenth of my going to schoole, I am (in good time) gottē to
a Nowne, by the same token there my hose went downe:
then I came to a verbe, there I began first to haue a beard:
then I came to *iste, ista, istud*, there my maister whipt me till
he fetch the blood, &c. so that now I am become the grea-
test schooler in the schoole: for I am bigger then two or
three of them, but I am gon, farewell mistress. *Exit,*

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Fu. Loue none at all they will forswear themselves,
And when you vrge them with it, their replies.

Are, that *loue* laughs at louers periuries.

Ans. You told me of a iest concerning that,
Præthee let me heare it.

Full. That thou shalt.

My Mistress in a humour had protested,
That aboue all the world she lou'd me best,
Saying with suters she was oft molested,
And she hath lodg'd her heart within my breast:
And sweare (but me) both by her mask and fan,
She neuer would so much as name a man.
Not name a man quoth I? yet be aduisde,
Not loue a man but me, let it be so:
You shall not thinke, quoth she, my thoughts disguise

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

In flattering language, or difsembling ſhew,
I lay againe, and I know what I do,
I will not name a man aliue but you.
Into her houſe I came at vnaware,
Her backe was to me, and I was not ſcene,
I ſtole behind her till I had her faire,
Then with my hands I cloſed both her eyes:
Shee blinded thus, beginneth to bethinke her,
Which of her Loues it was that did hood winke her
Firſt ſhe begins to gueſſe and name a man,
That I well knew, but ſhe had knew far better.
The next I neuer did ſuſpect till than,
Still of my name I could not heare a letter,
Then mad, ſhee did name *Robin* and then *Iames*
Till ſhe had reckoned vp ſome twenty names,
At length when ſhe had counted vp her ſcore,
As one among the reſt ſhe hit on me:
I aſkt her if ſhe could not reckon more,
And pluckt a way my hands to let her ſee,
But when ſhe lookt backe, and ſaw me behind her?
She bluſht, and aſkt if it were I that did blind her?
And ſince I ſware both by her maske and ſanne,
To truſt no ſhe tong, that can name a man.

Anſ. Your great oath hath ſome exceptions
But to our former purpoſe, yon is miſtris *Arthur*,
We will attempt another kind of wooing,
And make her hate her husband if we can.

Ful. But not a word of paſſion or of loue,
Haue at her now to trie her patience,
God ſaue you miſtres.

Mi. Ar. You are welcome ſir,

Ful. wher's your husband I pray?

Mi. Ar. Not within.

Anſ. who *M. Arthur*? him I ſaw euen now

A pleasant conceited Comedie

At mistris *Maries* the braue Curtizans,

Mis. Ar. wrong not my husbands reputation so,
Neither can nor will belecue you sir.

Ful. Poore Gentlewoman, how much I pittie you,
Your husband is become her only guest:

He lodges there, and dayly diets there,

He riots, reuels, and doth althings,

Nay, he is held the maister of mis-rule,

Mongst a most loathed and abhorred crew,

And can you, being a woman, suffer this?

Mis. Ar. Sir, sir, I vnderstand you well enough,

Admit my husband both frequent that house

Of such dishonest vsage, I suppose

He doth it but in zeale to bring them home

By his good counsell, from that course of sinne;

And like a Christian seeing them astray

In the broad path that to damnation leades,

He vseth thither to direct their feete,

Into the narrow way that guides to heauen.

An. was euer woman gulld so palpably?

But mistres *Arthur*, thinke you as you say?

Mis. Ar. Sir, what I thinke I thinke, and what I say

I would I could enioyne you to belecue

An. Faith mistris *Arthur*, I am sorry for you,

And in good sooth, I wish it lay in me

To remedy the least part of these wrongs

Your vnkind husband dayly profets you.

Mis. Ar. You are deceiuid he is not vnkind,

Although he bare an outward face of hate

His heart and soule are both assured mine.

Anf. Fie mistris *Arthur*, take a bitter spirit,

Be not so timorous to rehearse your wronges

I say your husband haunts bad company,

Swaggerers, cheaters, wanton curtizans.

There

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

There he defiles his body, stains his soule,
Consumes his wealth, vndoes himselfe and you
In danger of diseales, whose vild names,
Are not for any honest mouthes to speake,
Not any chaste eares to receiue and heare,
O, he will bring that face admirde for beauty,
To be more loathed then a leprous skinne,
Diuorce your selfe now whilst the clouds grow blacke
Prepare your selfe a shelter for the storme,
Abandon his most loathed fellowship,
You are yong mistres, will you loose your youth?

Mi. Ar. Tempt no more diuell, thy deformity,
Hath chang'd it selfe into an angels shape,
But yet I know thee by thy course of speech,
Thou gets an apple to betray poore *Eue*,
Whose out side beares a shew of pleasant fruit,
But the vild branch, on which the apple grew,
Was that which drew poore *Eue* from Paradise.
Thy Syrens song could make me drowne my selfe,
But I am tied vnto the maste of truth.
Admit my husband be inclinde to vice,
My vertues may in time recall him home:
But if we both should desp'rate runne to sinne,
We should abide certaine destruction.
But hees like one, that ouer a sweet face,
Puts a deformed vizard, for his soule
Is free from any such intents of ill;
Onely to trie my patience, he puts on,
An vgly shape of blacke intemperance:
Therefore this blot of shame, which he now weares,
I with my prayers will purge, wash with teares.

Exit.

Ans. Fuller.

Enl. Anselme.

Ans.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Ans. How lik'it thou this?

Ful. As schoole boyes ierkes, Apes whips, as Lions.
As furies doe fasting dayes, and diuels crosses, (cocks,
As maides to haue their mariage dayes put off:
I like it as the thing I most do loath,
what wilt thou do? for shame persist no more
In this extremity offriuous loue,
I see my doctrine moues no precise cares,
But such as are prefest *inamoras*.

Ans. O I shall die.

Ful. Tush liue to laugh a little,
Heeres the best subiect that thy loue affords,
Listen a while and heare this: ho boy, speake.

Ami. As *inpraesenti*, thou loathst the gift I sent thee,
Nolo plus tarry but die, for the beauteous Mary, (by?
Faine would I die by a sword, but what sword shall I die
Or by a stone, what stone? *nullus lapsi iacet ibi.* (vaines
Knife I haue non to sheth in my brest, or empty my full
Here is no wall or post that I can soile with my bru'd
braines.

First will I therefore say 2 or 3 Creedes and Aucmaries
And after go buy a poyson at the Apothecaries.

Ful. I pray thee *Anselme* but obserue this fellow
Doest notheare him? he would die for loue:
That mish-shapt loue thou wouldest condemne in him
I see in thee, I prethee note him well.

Ans. Were I assur'd that I were such a louer.
I should be with my selfe quite out of loue:
I prethee lets perswade him still to liue.

Ful. That were a dangerous case, perhaps the fellow
In desperation would to sooth vs vp,
Promise repentant recantation,
And after fall into that desperate course,
Both which I will preuent with policy.

Ami-

how to chooſe a good wife from a bad.

Ami. O death come with thy dart, come death when I bid
Mors um venimors, and from this miſery rid me: (thee,
ſhe home I lou'd, whom I lou'd, eu'n ſhe my ſweet pretty
Doth but flout, & mocke, and ieſt, and diſſimulatory. (*Mary*

Ful Ile fit him finely, in this paper is
The iuyce of Mandrake, by a Docter made,
To caſt a man, whole leg ſhould be cut off
Into a deepe, a colde and ſenſeleſſe ſleepe,
Of ſuch approued operation,
That who ſo takes it, is for twice twelue houres,
Breathleſſe, and to all mens iudgements, paſt all ſenſe:
This will I giue this pedant, but in ſport,
For when tis knowne to take effect in him,
The world will but eſteeme it as a ieſt:
Beſides, it may be a meanes to ſaue his life,
For being perfect poyſon, as it ſeemes,
His meaning is, ſome couereous ſlaue for coine,
Will ſell it him, though it be held by law,
To be no better then flat felony.

Anſ. Vphold the ieſt, but he hath ſpied vs, peace,

Ami. Gentles God ſaue you,
Here is a man I haue noted oft, moſt learnd in Phiſicke
One man he helpt of the cough, another he heald of the
And I will boord him thus: *Salve, o ſalve magiſter.* (*tiſick*

Ful. *Gratis mihi aduenis, quid tecum vis,*

Ami. *Optatum venis, paucis te volo.*

Ful. *Si quid industria noſtra tibi faciat, dic queſo.*

Ami. Attend me ſir, I haue a ſimple houſe,
But as the learned *Diogenes* ſaith,
In his *Epistle to Tartullian*,
It is extreameſly troubled with great rats,
I haue no muſſe puiſſe, nor grey eyde cat,
To hunt them out, O could your learned *Arr.*
Shew me a meanes how I might poyſon them.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Tuus dum suus, sir Aminadab

Ful. With all my heart, I am no Rat-catcher,
But if you need a poyson, here is that
Will pepper both your dogs and rats and cats:
Nay spare your purse, I giue this in good will,
And as it proues I pray you send to me,
And let me know, would you aught else with me?

Ami. Minime quidem, heres that you say will take them:
A thousand thanks sweet sir, I say to you
As Tully in his *Esops Fables* said,
Agotibigrarias, so farewell, *vale.* *Exit.*

Ful. Adew. Come let vs goe, I long to see
What the euent of this new iest will bee.

Enter yong Arthur.

Yon. Ar. Good morrow gentlemen, saw you not this way
As you were walking, Sir Aminadab?

An. M. Arthur, as I take it.

Yong Ar. Sir the same.

An. Sir, I desire your more familiar loue,
VVould I could bid my selfe vnto your house,
For I haue wisht for your acquaintance long.

Yong Ar. Sweete *M. Anselme* I desire yours too:
Will you come dine with me to morrow,
You shall be welcome I assure you sir.

Anf. I feare I shall proue too bold a guest.

Yong Ar. You shall be welcome if you bring your friend

Ful. O Lord sir, we shall be too troublesome.

Yong Ar. Nay, now I will inforce a promise from you,
Shall I expect you?

Ful. Yes with all my heart.

An. A thousand thanks, Yonders the schoolmaster
So till to morrow twenty times farewell.

Yong. Ar. I double all your farewells twenty fold.

An. O this acquaintance was well scrape of me,

how to chooe a good wife from a bad.

By this my loue to morrow I shall see.

Exit.

Am. This poyson shall by force expell,
Amorem loue, infernum hell.

Per hoc venenum ego I,

For my sweet louely lasse will die.

Yong Ar. What doe I heare of poyson, which sweete
Must make me a braue frolick widower? (meanes

It seemes the doting foole being forlorne
Hath got some compound mixture, in dispaire
To end his desparate fortunes and his life:
Ile get it from him, and with this make way
To my wiues night, and to my Loues faire day.

Am. In nomine domine, friends farewell:

I know death comes heres such a smell.

Pater & Mater, father and mother,

Frater & soror, sister and brother,

And my sweete mary, not these drugges,

Do send me to the infernall bugges,

But thy vnkindnesse: so adeu,

Hob-gobbling now I come to you.

Yong Ar. Hold man, I say what will the mad man doe?

I haue I got thee, thou shalt goe with me:

No more of that, fie sir Aminidab.

Destroy your selfe: if I but heare hereafter

You practise such reuenge vpon your selfe,

All your friends shall know that for a wench,

A paltry wench you would haue kild your selfe.

Ami. O race queso, doe not name

This frantick deede of mine for shame:

My sweete maister not a word,

Ile neuer drowne me in a ford,

Nor giue my necke such a scope,

To imbrace it with a hempen rope:

Ile die no way till nature will me,

A pleasant conceited Comedie

house by the painting is laid of his lettice: shee that is like *Homo*, common to all men: shee that is beholding to no trade, but liues of her selfe.

Yong Ar. Sirra begon, or I will send you hence.

Pip. Ile go; but by this hand ile tell my mistris as soone as I come home, that mistris lightheeles comes to dinner to morrow.

Yon. Ar. Sweet mistres *Mary* ile inuite my selfe,
And there ile frolicke, sup and spend the night.
My plot is currant, here tis in my hand,
will make me happy in my second choice,
And I may freely challenge as mine owne,
What I am now inforced to seeke by stealth.
Loue is not much vnlike ambition,
For in them both al lets must be remoued,
Twixt euery crowne & him that would aspire,
And he that will attempt to win the same,
Must plunge vp to the depth o're head and eares,
And hazard drowning in that purple sea.
So he that loues, must needs through bloud and fire,
And do all things to compasse his desire.

Enter Mistris Arthur and her maid.

Mi. Ar. Come spread the table, is the hall wel rub'd,
The cushions in the windowes neatly laid,
The cupboard of plate set out, the casements stucke
with Rosemary and flowers, the Carpers brusht?

Maide. I forsooth mistris.

Mis. Looketo the kitchin maid, and bid the Cooke take
downe the Ouen stone, the Pies be burnt: here
take my keyes, and giue him out more spice.

Maid. Yes forsooth mistris. (cloth,

Mis. Ar. VVher's that knaue *Pinkin* bid him spread the
Fetch the cleane Diaper Napkins from my chest.
Set out the gilded salt, and bid the fellow

make

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Make himsef hanfome, get him a cleane band.

Maid. Indeed forsooth mistris, he is such a slouen
That nothing will sit hanfome about him,
He had a pound of Sope to scowre his face,
And yet his brow lookes like a chimney stocke.

Mis. Ar. Heele be a slouen still: maid take this apron,
And bring me one of linnen, quickly maid,

Maid. I go forsooth.

Exit maid.

Mis. Ar. There was a curtsie, let me see't againe:
I that was well, I feare my guest will come,
Ere we be ready, what a spight is this?

Within mistris.

Mis. Ar. What's the matter.

Within mistres I pray take Pipkin from the fire,
we cannot keepe his fingers from the rost.

Mi. Ar. Bid him come hither, what a knaue is that?
Fie, fie, neuer out of the kitchin,
Still broiling by the fire.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. I hope you will not take Pipkin from the fire
Till the broth be inough.

Enter maid with an apron.

Mi. Ar. well sirrah, get a napkin and a trencher
and wait to day. So let me see my apron.

Pip. Mistris I can tell you one thing, my M. wench
will come home to day to dinner.

Enter Iustice Reason and his man.

Mis. Ar. She shall be welcome if she be his guest:
But heer's some of our guest are come already:
A chaire for Iustice Reason, sirra. (huswife,

Iust. Good morrow mistris *Arthur* you are like a good
At your request I am come home: what a Chaire!
Thus age seekes ease: where is your husband mistris?
what a cushin too?

Pip.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Pip. I pray you ease your taile sir.

Iust. Mary and will good fellow, twenty thanks.

Pip. M. Hue as welcome as hart can tel, or tong can thinke
H. I thanke you M. *Pipkin*, I haue got many a good dish
of broth by your meanes.

Pip. According to the auncient curtisie, you are wel-
come: according to the time and place, you are hartily
welcome: when they are busie at the bord, we will find
our selues busied in the buttery, and so sweet *Hugh* accord-
ing to our schollers phraise, *Gratulor aduentum tuum.*

Hu. I will answer you with the like, sweet *Pipkin* *gratias*

Pip. As much grace as you will, but as little of it as you
can good *Hugh*. But here comes more guest.

Enter old Arthur and old Lufam.

Mis. Ar. More stools & cushings for these gentlemen.

Old Ar. What M. Iustice *Reason* are you here,
who would haue thought to haue met you in this place?

Old Lu. What say mine eyes, is Iustice *Reason* here?
Mountaines may meete and so may we.

Iust. Well, when men meet they meet,
And when they part, they often leaue one anothers com-
So we being met are met. (pany:

Old Lu. Truly you say true,
And M. Iustice *Reason* speakes but reason,
To heare how wisely men of law will speake.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. Good morrow gentlemen,

Mis. Ar. What are you there?

An. Good morrow mistres, and good morrow all

Iust. If I may be so bold in a strange place,
I say good morrow, and as much to you,
I pray Gentlemen will you sit downe?
We haue beene young like you, and if you liue
Ynto our age, you will be old like vs.

Ful.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Ful. Be rulde by reason, but who's here?

Enter Aminadab.

Ami. Salute Omnes, and good day,

To all at once as I may say,

First *M. Iustice*, next old *Arthur*,

That giues me pension by the quarter,

To my good mistres and the rest,

That are the founders of this feast.

In brieft I speake to omnes all,

That to their meate intend to fall.

Iust. Welcome sir *Aminadab*, O my sonne,
Hath profited exceedingly well with you,
Sit downe, sit downe by mistres *Arthurs* leaue.

*Enter young Arthur, young Lusam and
mistris Mary.*

Yong Ar. Gentlemen, welcome al, whilst I deliuer
Their priuate welcomes, wife, be it your charge
To giue this Gentlewoman entertainment.

Mis. Ar. Husband I will. O this is she vsurpes
The precious interest of my husbands loue:
Though as I am woman, I could well,
Thrust such a lewd companion out of dores,
Yet as I am a true obedient wife,
Ide kisse her feet to do my husbands will.
You are intirely welcome Gentlewoman,
Indeede you are, pray doe not doubt of it. (nestly,

Ma. I thanke you mistris *Arthur*, now by my little ho-
It much repents me to wrong so chaste a woman.

Yon. Ar. Gentles, put ore your legs: first, *M. Iustice*,
Here you shall sit.

Iust. And heere shall mistris *Arthur* sit by me.

Yong Ar. Pardon me sir, she shall haue my wifes place.

Mis. Ar. Iudeed you shall, for he will haue it so.

Mary. If you will needs, but I shall doe you wrong to
take your place. G Old Lu.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Old Lu. I by my faith you should. (wrong,

Mr. Ar. That is no wrong which we impute no
I pray you sit.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen all, I pray you seat your selues:
What sir *Aminadab*, I know where your heart is.

Ami. Mum not a word, *Pax vobis*, peace:
Come Gentles, ile be of this messe:

Yong Ar. So, who giues thanks?

Ami. Sir, that will I.

Yong Ar. I pray you to it by and by, wheres *Pipkin*?
Wait at the boord, let maister *Reasons* man
Be had into the buttry, but first giue him
A napkin and a trencher: Wel said *Hugh*,
Wait at your Maisters elbow: Now say Grace.

Ami. Gloria Deo, sirs, proface,
Attend me now whilff I say Grace:
For bread and salt, for grapes and makt,
For fleish and fish, and euery dish,
Mutton and beefe, of all meates chiefe,
For Cowheelles, chitterlings, tripes and sowle,
And other meate thats in the house,
For rackes, for brefts, for legs, for loines,
For pies with raisins and with proines,
For fritters, pancakes, and for frayes,
For venison pasties and mince pies,
Sheepes head and garlicke, brawne and mustard,
Wafers, spiced cakes, tartes and custard:
For capons, rabbets, pigges and geese:
For apples, carrawaies and cheefe:
For all these and many mo,
Benedicamus Domino.

All Amen.

Iust. I kon you thanks, but sir *Aminadab*,
Is that your scholler? Now I promise you

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Hee is toward stripling of his age.

Pip. Who I forsooth, yes indeed forsooth, I am his scholler, I would you should well thinke, I haue profited vnder him too, you shall heare if he will pose me.

Old Ar. I pray you, lets heare him.

Ami. *Huc ades Pipkin.*

Pip. *Adsum.*

Ami. *Quot Casus sunt*, how many Cases are there?

Pip. Mary a great many.

Ami. Well answered, a great many, there are sixe, Sixe, a great many, tis well answered, And which be they?

Pip. A Bow case, a Cap case, a Combe case, a Lute case, a Fidle case, and a candle case.

Iust. I know them, all againe well answered: Pray God my yongest boy profit no worse.

Ami. How many parsons are there?

Pip. Ile tell you as many as I know, if youle giue me leaue to reckon them.

Anselme. I prethee do.

Pip. The Parson of Fanchurch, the Parson of Pancridge, and the Parson of

Youn. Ar. Well sir, about your busines, now will I Temper the Cup my lothed wife shall drinke. *Exit.*

Old Ar. Daughter me thinkes you are exceeding sad.

Old Lu. Faith daughter so thou art exceeding sad:

Mis. Ar. Tis but my countenance, for my heart is mery, Mistres, were you as mery as yon are welcome, You should not sit so sadly as you doe.

Ma. Tis but because I am seated in your place, Which is frequented seldom with true mirth.

Mi. Ar. The fault is neither in the place nor me.

Ami. How say you Lady to him you last did lie by? All is no more, *Prebisotibi.*

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Ma. I thanke you sir, mistres this draught shall be
To him that louies both you and me.

Mis. Ar. I know your meaning.

Ans. Now to me,

If you haue either loue or charity.

Mis. Ar. Heare M, *Iustice*, this to your graue cares,
A mournfull draught God wor, halfe wine, halfe teares.

Iust. Let come my wench, here yongsters to you all,
You are silent, heere's that will make you talke,
Wenches me thinks you sit like Puritans.
Neuer a iest abroad to make them laugh?

Fnl. Sir, since you mooues speech of a Puritan,
If you will giue me audience, I will tell yee
As good a iest as euer ye did heare.

Old Ar. A iest, that is excelent.

Inst. Before hand let's prepare our selues to laugh,
A iest is nothing if it be not grac'd:
Now, now I pray you, when begins this iest?

Ful. I came vnto a Puritan to woo her,
And roughly did salute her with a kisse,
Away quoth she, and rudely pusht me fro her,
Brother, by yea and nay I like not this,
And still with amorous tales she was saluted,
My artles speech with scripture was confuted.

Old Lu. Good, good indeed, the best that ere I heard.

Old Ar. I promise you it was exceeding good.

Ful. Oft I frequented her abroad by night,
And courted her, and spake her wondrous faire;
But euer somewhat did offend her sight,
Either my double ruffe, or my long haire,
My skarfe was vaine, my garments hung too low,
My spanish shoo was cut too broad at toe.

All Ha, ha, the best that euer I heard.

Ful. I parted for that time, and came againe

Seeming

how to chooſe a good wife from a bad.

Seeming to be conformde in looke and ſpeech,
My ſhoes were ſharpt to ed, and my band was plaine,
Cloſe to my thigh my metamorphoſde breech,
My cloake was narrow capde, my haire cut ſhorter,
Off went my ſcarffe, thus marched I to the Porter.

All Ha, ha, was euer heard the like?

Ful. The Porter ſpying me, did leade me in
Where his faire miſtreſſe ſat reading on a chapter,
Peace to this houſe quoth I and thoſe within,
Which holy ſpeech with admiration wrapt her,
And euer as I ſpake, and came her nee,
Seeming diuine, turnd vp the white of eye.

Iuſt. So, ſo, what then, what then,

Old Lu. Forward, I pray forward ſir.

Ful. I ſpake diuinely, and I cald her ſiſter,
And by this meanes we were acquainted well:
But yea and nay, I will quoth I and kiſt her,
Se bluſht and ſayd, that long tongd men would tell,
I ſeemde to be as ſecret as the night.
And ſaid I would put out the light.

Old Ar. Inſooth he would, a paſſing, paſſing ieſt.

Ful. O doe not ſweare quoth ſhe, yet put it out
Be cauſe I would not haue you breake your oath,
I felt a bed there as I groapt about,
In troth quoth I here will we reſt vs both.
Sweare you in troth quoth ſhe, had you not ſworne
I had not don't, but tooke it in ſoule ſcorne,
Then you will come quoth I, though I be loath,
He come quoth ſhe, be it but to keepe your oath.

Iuſt. Tis very prety, but now when's the ieſt,

Old Ar. O forward to the ieſt in any caſe.

Old Lu. I would not for an angel looſe the ieſt.

Ful. Heres right the dunghill cocke that finds a pearle,
To talke of wit to theſe, is as a man

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Should cast out iewelsto a heard offwine,
why in the last words did consist the ieast.

Old. Lu. I, in the last words? ha, ha, ha,
It was an excellent anmired ieast
To them that vnderstood it.

Enter young Arthur with a cup of wine.

Iust. It was indeed, I must for fashions sake,
Say as they say, but otherwise O God;
Good M. *Arthur* thanks for our good cheare.

Yong Ar. Gentlemen welcome all, now heare me speake,
One speciall cause that mou'd me lead you hither,
Is for ancient grudge that hath long since
Continued twixt my modest wife and me,
The wrongs that I haue done her, I recant,
In either hand I hold a seuerall cup,
This in the right hand, wife I drinke to thee,
This in the left hand, pledge me in this draught,
Burying all former hatred, so haue to thee: *Hee drinckes.*

Mis. Ar. The welcom'st pledge that yet I euer tooke,
Were this wine poyson, or did tast like gall,
The honey sweet condition of your draught
Would make it drinke like Nectar: I will pledge you
Were it the last that I should euer drinke.

Yong. Ar. Make that account, thus Gentlemen you see
Our late discord brought to an vnity.

Ami. *Ecce quam bonum & quam incundum
Est habitare fratres in unum:*

Old Ar. My heart doth tast the sweetnes of your pledge,
And I am glad to see this sweete accord.

Old Lu. Glad quotha, there is not one amongst vs
But may be exceeding glad:

Iust. I am, I mary am I, that I am.

Yong Lu. The best accord that could betide their loues.

Ans. The worst accord that could betide my loue.

Ami.

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

All about to rife.

Ami. What rifing Gentles? keepe your places,
Ile clofe vp your stomackes with a grace,
O domine, & chare Pater.

That gueft vs wine in ftead of water,
And from the Pond and Riuer cleare,
Mak' ft nappy ale, and good march Beere,
That fend ft vs fundry forts of meate,
And euery thing we drinke or eate,
To maides, to wiues, to boyes, to men,
Laus Deo fanfte amen.

Yong Ar. So much good doe ye all, and Gentlemen,
Accept your welcomes better then your cheere.

Old Lu. Nay, fo we do, Ile giue you thanks for all.
Come *M. Iuftice*, you doe walke our way,
And *M. Arthur*, and old *Hugh* your man,
Weele be the firft will fraine curtesie.

Iuft. God be with you all,

Exeunt Old Arthur, Lufam, and Iuftice.

Ami. *Proxi mus ego sum*, Ile be the next.
And man you home, how fay you Lady?

Yong Ar. I pay you doe, good fir *Aminidab*.

Mary. Sir, if it be not too much trouble to you,
Let my intreat that kindneffe at your handes.

Aminidab. Intreat, fie, no, fweete laffe command:
Sic fo nunc, now take the vpper hand.

He mans her away.

Yong Ar. Come wife, this meeting was all for our fakes,
I long to fee the force my poyfon takes.

Mr. Ar. My deare deare husband, in exchange of hate,
My loue and heart fhall on your feruice waite.

Exeunt Arthur and his wife.

An. So doth my loue on thee, but long no more,
To her rich loue, thy feruice is too poore.

Fal.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Ful. For shame no more, you had best expo stulate
Your loue with euery stranger, leaue these sighes,
And change them to familiar conference.

Yong Ar. Trust me the vertues of yong *Arthurs* wife,
Her Constancy, modest humility,
Her patience, and admired temperance,
Haue made me loue all women-kind the better.

Enter Pipkin.

Pip. O my mistres, my mistres, she's dead, she's gone,
she's dead, she's gone.

Ans. Whats that he sayes?

Pip. Out of my way, stand backe I say, all ioy from earth
is fled,

She is this day as could as clay, my mistris she is dead:

O Lord my mistris, my mistris.

Exit.

Ans. What, mistres *Arthur*, dead? my soule is vanisht,
And the worlds wonder from the world quight banisht?
O I am sicke, my paine growes worse and worse,
I am quight stricke through with this late discourse.

Ful. What, faints thou man? ile leade thee hence for
Swone at the tidings of a womans death: (shame,
Intollerable, and beyond all thought,
Come my loues foole, giue me thy hand to leade,
This day one body and two hearts are dead. *Exeunt.*

Yong Lu. But how, she was as well as well could be,
And on the sodaine dead, ioy in excesse
Hath ouer-run her poore disturbed soule.
Ile after and see how master *Arthur* takes it,
His former hate far more suspicious makes it. *Exit.*

Enter Hugh, and after Pipkin.

Hu. My M. hath left his gloues behind where he sate
in his chaire, and hath sent me to fetch them, it is such
an old snudge, hee le not loose the dropping of his nose.

Pip. O mistris, O *Hugh*, O *Hugh*, O mistris, *Hugh*, I
must

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

muſt needs beate thee, I am mad, I am lunatique, I muſt fall
vpon thee, my miſtris is dead.

Hugh. O M. *Pipkin*, what doe you meane, what do you
meane M. *Pipkin*?

Pip. O *Hugh*, O miſtris, O miſtris, O *Hugh*.

Hugh. O *Pipkin*, O God, O God, O *Pipkin*.

Pip. O *Hugh*, I am mad, beare with me, I cannot chuſe,
O death, O miſtris, O death.

ugh. Death quo tha, he hath almoſt made me dead with
beating.

Enter Reason, Old Arthur, and old Luſam.

Iuſt. I wonder why the knaue my man ſtayes thus.
And comes not backe: ſee where the villaine loiters.

Enter Pipkin.

Bra. O M. *Iuſtice*, M. *Arthur*, M. *Luſam*, wonder not why
I thus blow and bluſter, my miſtris is dead, dead is my
miſtris, and therefore hang your ſelues, O my miſtris my
miſtris.

Old Ar. My ſonnes wife dead?

Old Lu. my daughter?

Enter yong Arthur mourning.

Iuſt. Miſtris *Arthur*, here comes her husband.

Yong Ar. O here the woefulſt husband comes aliue,
No husband now, the wight that did vphold
That name of husband, is now quight o'rethrowne,
And I am left a haples widower.

Old Ar. Faine would I ſpeake if grieve would ſuffer me.

Old Lu. As M. *Arthur* ſayes, ſo ſay I,
If grieve would let me, I would weeping die,
To be thus haples in my aged yeares.

O I would ſpeake, but my words melt to teares.

Yong Ar. Go in, go in, and view the ſweeteſt coarſe
That ere was laid vpon a mournfull roome,
Yuo cannot ſpeake for weeping ſorrowes doome.

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Bad newes are rise, good tiding seldome come. *Exeunt.*

Enter Anselme.

An. What franticke humor doth thus haunt my sence,
Striuing to breed destruction in my spirit?
When I would sleepe, the ghost of my sweet loue
Appeares vnto me in an Angels shape:
When I am wake, my phantalties presents,
As in a glasse, the shadow of my loue:
When I would speake, her name intrudes it selfe
Into the perfect ecchoes of my speech:
And though my thought begot some other word,
Yet will my tongue speake nothing but her name.
If I do meditate it is on her,
If dreame on her, or discourse on her,
I thinke her ghost doth haunt me, as in times
Of former darknesse, old wiues tales report.

Enter Fuller.

Heere Comes my bitter Genius, whose aduice
Directs me still in all my actions,
How now, frow whence come you?

Ful. Faith from the street, in which, as I pas'd by,
I met the modest mistris *Arthurs* Coarse,
And after her, as mourners, first her husband,
Next *Iustice Reason*, then old *M. Arthur*,
Old *M. Lusam*, and yong *Lusam* too,
With many other kinsfolke, neighbours, friends,
And others, that lament her funerall:
Her body is by this, laid in the vaulke,

An. And in that vault my body I will lay,
I prethee leaue me, thither is my way.

Ful. I am sure you iest, you meane not as you say,

An. No, no, Ile but goe to the church and pray.

Ful. Nay, then we shall be troubled with your humor,

An. As euer thou didst loue me, or as euer

Thou.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Thou didst delight in my society,
But all the rights offriendship and of loue,
Let me entreat thy absence but one houre,
And at the houres end I will come to thee.

Ful. Nay, if you will be foolish, and past reason,
Ile wash my hands like *Pilate* from thy folly,
And suffer thee in these extremities.

Exit.

Ans. Now it is night, and the bright Lamps of heauen
Are halfe burnt out: now bright *Adelbora*,
Welcomes the chearefull day star to the East,
And harmeles stilnes hath possess'd the world.
This is the Church, this hollow is the vault,
where the dead body of my saint remaines,
And this the coffin that inshrines her body,
For her bright soule is now in Paradise,
My comming is with no intent of sinne,
Or to defile the body of the dead,
But rather take my last farewell of her,
Or languishing, and dying by her side,
My airy soule poste after hers to heauen,
First, with this latest kisse I seale my loue,
Her lips are warme, and I am much deceiud,
If that she stir not, O this *Golgotha*
This place of dead mens bones is terrible,
Presenting fearefull apparitions.

Mistres Arthur in the Tombe.

It is some spirit that in the coffin lies.
And makes my heart start vp on end with feare,
Come to thy selfe faint heart, she sits vpright,
O I would hide me, but I know not where,
Tush if it be a spirit, tis a good spirit,
For with her body living, ill she knew not,
And with her body dead, ill cannot meddle.

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Mi. Ar. Who am I? or where am I?

An. O she speakes, and by her language now I know thee liues.

Mi. Ar. O who can tell me where I am become,
For in this darkenesse I haue lost my selfe.
I am not dead, for I haue sence and life,
How come I then in this Coffin buried?

An. Anselme behold she liues, and Destiny
Hath trained thee hither to redeeme her life.

Mi. Ar. Liues any mongst these dead? none but my selfe

Ans. O yes, a man whose heart till now was dead,
Liues and suruiues at your returne to life:
Nay start not, I am Anselme, one who long
Hath doted on your faire perfection,
And louing you more then became me well,
Was hither sent by some strange prouidence,
To bring you from these hollow vaults below,
To be a liuer in the world againe.

Mi. Ar. I vnderstand you, I and thanke the heauens,
That sent you to reuiue me from this feare,
And I embrace my safety with good will.

Enter Aminadab with two or three boyes.

Ani. *Mane citus lectum fuge, mollem discede somnum,*
Templa petas supplex & veneraturus Deum. (pray
Shake off thy sleepe, get vp betimes, go to the Church and
And neuer feare, God will thee heare, and keepe thee all
Good counsell, boyes obserue it, marke it well. (the day.
This early rising this *diluculo*,
Is good both for your bodies and your mindes.

Tis not yet day, giue me my Tinder-box,
Meane time vnloose your satchels, and your bookes,
Draw, draw, and take you to your lessons boyes.

1. Boy. O Lord master whats that in the white sheete?

Ani. In the white sheete my boy, *Dic ubi*, where?

Boy.

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Boy. *vide* maister, *vide* illic there.

Ami. O *Domine*, *domine*, keepe vs from euill,
A charme from flesh, the world and the diuell.

Exeunt running.

Mi. Ar. O tell me not my husband was ingrat,
Or that he did attempt to poyson me,
Or that he laide me heare, and I was dead,
These are no meanes to win my loue.

Ans. Sweet mistris bequeath you to the earth,
You promisd him to be his wife till death,
And you haue kept your promise; but now since
The worlde, your husband, and your friends suppose
That you are dead, graunt me but one request,
And I will sweare neuer to sollicite more
Your sacred thoughts to my dishonest loue.

Mis. Ar. So your demand may be no preiudice
To my chaste name, no wrong vnto my husband,
No lute that may concern my wedlock breach,
I yeeld vnto it, but to passe the bands of modesty and cha-
First will I bequeath my selfe againe (stirry
Vnto this graue, and neuer part from hence,
Then taint my soule with black impurity.

Vns. Take here my hand and faithfull heart to gage,
That I will neuer tempt you more to sinne:
This my request is, since your husband doates
Vpon a lewd lasciuious curtezan,
Since he hath broke the bandes of your chaste bed,
And like a murderer sent you to your graue;
Do but goe with me to my mothers house,
Ther shall you liue in secret for a space,
Onely to see the end of such lewd lust,
And know the difference of a chaste wifes bed,
And one whose life is in all loosenesse led.

Mis. Ar. Your mother is a vertuous Matron held,

H ;

Her

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Her counsell, conference and company.
May much auaille me, there a space ile stay,
Vpon condition as you said before,
You neuer will moue your vnchast sute more.

An. My faith is pawn'd, O nener had chast wife,
A husband of so lewd and vnchast life.

Exeunt.

Enter Mary, Brabo and Splay.

Bra. Mistris I long haue serued you, euen since
These bristled haire vpon my graue-like chin,
Were all vnborne, when first I came to you,
These infant feathers of these rauen wings,
VVere not once begun.

Splay. No, indeed they were not.

Bra. Now in my two muchatoes for a need,
VVanting a rope, I could well hang my selfe,
I prethee mistris for all my long seruice,
For all the loue that I haue borne thee long,
Do me this fauour now to marry me.

Enter yong Arthur.

Ma. Marry come vp you block head, you great asse,
what, wouldst thou haue me marry with a diuell?
But peace no more, here comes the seely foole
That we so long haue set our lime twigs for,
Be gone, and leaue me to intangle him.

Yong Ar. what mistris Mary?

Ma. O good *M. Arthur*, where haue you beene this
weeke, this month, this yeare?

This yeare said I, where haue you beene this age,
Vnto a loue, euery minute seemes time out of mind.
How should I thinke you loue me
That can endure to stay so long from me?

Yong Ar. In faith sweete heart I saw thee yester night,

Ma. I, true, you did, but since you saw me not,
At twelue a clocke you parted from my house,

And

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

And now tis morning, and new Brucken seauen.
Seauen howres thou staidst from me, why didst thou so?
They are my seauen yeares prentiship of wo.

Yong Ar. I prethee be patient, I had some occasion
That did inforce me from thee yesternight.

Ma. I, you are soone inforc'd, foole that I am,
To dote on one that naught respecteth me,
Tis but my fortune, I am borne to beare it,
And every one shall haue their destiny.

Yong Ar. Nay, weepe not wench, thou woundest me
with thy teares.

Mary. I am a foole, and so you make me too,
These teares were better kept, then spent in wast
On one that neither tenders them nor me,
What remedy, but if I chance to die,
Or to miscarry with that I goe withall,
Ile take my death that thou art cause thereof.
You told me, that when your wife was dead
You would forsake all others, and take me.

Yong Ar. I told thee so, and I will keepe my word
And for that end I came thus earely to thee,
I haue procur'd a licence, and this night
We will be married in a lawlesse Church.

Ma. These newes reuiue me, and doe somewhat ease
The thought that was gotten to my heart.
But shall it be to night?

Yong Ar. I wench, to night,
A fennet and od dayes since my wife died,
Is past already, and her timeles death,
Is but nine dayes talke, come goe with we,
And it shall be dispatcht presently.

Ma. Nay, then I see thou louest me, and I find,
By this last motion, thou art growne more kind.

Yong Ar. My loue and kindnes like my age shall grow,
And

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

And with the time increase, and thou shalt see,
The older I grow, the kinder I will be.

Mary. I, so I hope it will, but as for mine,
That with my age shall day by day decline,
Come shall we goe?

Yong. Ar. With thee to the worlds end,
Whose beauty most admire, and all commend.

Exeunt.

Enter Anselme and Fuller.

Ans. It is true, as I relate the circumstance,
And she is with my mother safe at home,
But yet for all the hate I can alleage
Against her husband, nor for the loue,
That on my owne part I can vrge her to,
Will she be wonne to gratifie my loue.

Ful. Althings are full of ambiguity,
And I admire this wondrous accident,
But *Anselme Arthur's* about a new wife, a *bona raba*,
How will shee take it when she heares this newes?

Ans. I thinke euen as a vertuous marron should,
It may be that report may from thy mouth
Beget some pittie from her flinty heart,
And I will vrge her with it presently.

Ful. Vnlesse report be false, they are linkt already,
They are as fast as words can tie them: I will tell thee
How I by chance did meete him the last night,
And said to me, this *Arthur* did intend
To haue a wife, and presently to marry:
Amidst the street, I met him as my friend,
And to his loue a present he did carry,
It was some Ring, some stomacher or toy,
I spake to him and bad, God giue him ioy:
God giue me ioy quoth he, of what I pray:
Marry quoth I, your wedding that is toward,

Tis

how to chooſe a good wiſe from a bad.

Tis falſe quoth he, and would haue gone away,
Come, come, quoth I, ſo neare it, and ſo froward,
I vrgde him hard by our familiar loues,
Pray'd him withall, not to forget my gloues,
Then he began; your kindneſſe hath beene great,
Your curteſie great, and your loue not common,
Yet ſo much ſauour pray let me inreat
To be excuſde from knowing any woman,
I knew the wench that is become his bride,
And ſmilde to thinke how deeply he had lide.
For firſt he ſwore, he did not court a maide,
A wiſe he could not, ſhe was elſewhere tide:
And as for ſuch as widdowes were, he ſaide,
And deeply ſwore, none ſuch ſhould be his Bride,
Widdow, nor wiſe, nor maide, I aſke no more,
Knowing he was betroth'd vnto a whore.

Enter Miſtris Arthur.

Anſ. Is it not miſtris *Mary* you meane,
She that did dine with vs at *Arthur's* houſe?

Ful. The ſame, the ſame, here comes the Gentlewoman,
Oh miſtris *Arthur*, I am of your counſell,
Welcome from death to life.

Anſ. Miſtris, this Gentleman hath news to tell ye,
And as you like of it, ſo thinke of me.

Ful. Your husband hath already got a wiſe,
A huffing wench yſaith, whoſe ruſſling ſilkes
Make with their motion, muſicke vnto loue,
And you are quight forgotten.

Anſ. I haue ſworn to moue this vnchaſt demand
no more.

Ful. When doth your colour change?
when doth your eyes ſparkle with fier to reuenge theſe
wronges?
When doth your tongue breake into rage and wrath
againſt

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Against that scum of manhood, your vile husband
He first mislaid you.

Ans. And yet can you loue him?

Ful. He left your chaste bed to defile the bed
Of sacred marriage with a Curtezian.

Ans. Yet can you loue him?

Ful. And not content with this,
Abus'd your honest name with slanderous wordes,
And filld your husht house with vnquietnes,

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Nay, did he not with his rude fingers,
dash you on the face.

And double die your corall lips with bloud,
Hath he not torne those Go'd wiars from your head
Wherewith *Apollo* would haue strung his harpe,
And keepe them to play musicke to the Gods?
Hath he not beat you and with his rude fists,
Vpon that crimson temperature of your cheekes,
Laid a lead colour with his boisterous blowes?

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Ful. Then did he not
Either by poyson, or some other plot
Send you to death, where by his prouidence,
God hath preferu'd you by wondrous miracle?
Nay, after death, hath he not scandaliz'd;
Your place with an immodest curtezian

Ans. And can you loue him yet?

Mis. Ar. And yet, and yet, and still, and euer whilst
I breath this ayre:

Nay, after death my vnsubstantiall soule
Like a good angel shall attend on him,
And keepe him from all harme:
But is he married? much good doe his heart,
Pray God she may content him better farre,

Than

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

Than I haue done: long may they liue in peace,
Till I difturbe their folace; but becaufe
I feare fome milchiefe doth hang o're his head,
Ile weepe mine eyes drie, with my prefent care,
And for their healths make hoarfe my tongue with praier

Exit.

Ful. Art fure fhe is a woman? if fhe be
She is create of Natures purity.

Ans. O yes, I too well know fhe is a woman,
Henceforth my vertue fhall my loue withftand,
And on my ftriuing thoughts get the vpper hand.

Ful. Then thus refolu'd, I ftraight will drinke to thee
A health thus deepe to drowne thy melancholy.

Exeunt.

Enter Mary, yong Arthur, Brabo, and Splay.

Mar. Not haue my will, yes I will haue my will,
Shall I not goe abroad, but when you please?
Can I not now and then meete with my friends,
But at my coming home you will controll me?
Marry come vp.

Yong. Ar. Where art thou patience?
Nay rather where's become my former fpleene?
I had a wife would not haue vsde me fo.

Ma. Why you lacke fawce, you Cuckold, you what no,
What am not I of age fufficient
To goe and come ftill when my pleasure ferues,
But muft I haue you fir to queftion me?
Not haue my will? yes I will haue my will.

Yong. Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsfe me fo,
But fhe is dead.

Bra. Not haue her will, fir fhe fhall haue her will,
She faves fhe will, and fir I fay fhe fhall:
Not haue her will, that were a ieft indeed.
Who faves fhe fhall not, if I be difposde,

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

To man her forth, who shall find fault with it?
Whats he that dares say blacks her eye?
Though you be married sir, yet you must know
That she was euer borne to haue her will.

Splay. Not haue her will, Gods passion, I say still,
A woman's no body that wants her will.

Yong Ar. Where is my spirit; what, shall I maintaine
A strumpet, with a *Brabo* and her bawde,
To beard me out of my authority?
what, am I from a maister made a slaue?

Ma. A slaue? nay worse, dost thou maintaine my man
And this maid? Tis I maintaine them both.
I am thy wife, I will not be drest so
while thy gold lasts, but then most willingly
I will bequeath thee to flat beggary.
I doe already hate thee, do thy worst,
Nay touch me if thou dar'st, what shall he beate me?

Brabo. Ile make him seeke his fingers mongst the dogs,
That dares to touch my mistris: neuer feare,
My sword shall smoothe the wrinkles of his browes,
That bend a frowne vpon my mistris.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsd me so,
But God is iust.

Mary. Now *Arthur*, if I knew
what in this world would most torment thy soule,
That would I do: would all my euill vsage
Could make thee sit fast dispaire, and hang thy selfe.
Now I remember, where is *Arthurs* man
Pipkin, that slaue, goe turne him out of doores,
None that loues *Arthur* shall haue house-roume heere.

Enter Pipkin.

Yonder he comes, *Brabo* dischare the fellow.

Yong Ar. Shall I be ouer-maistred in my owne?
Be thy selfe *Arthur*, strumpet he shall stay.

Mary

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Ma. What shall he Brabo, shall he mistress Splay?

Bra. Shall he? he shall not: breathes there any living
Dares say he shall, when Brabo sayes he shall not?

Yong Ar. Is there any law for this? she is my wife,
Should I complaine, I should be rather mockt:
I am content, keepe by thee whome thou list.
Dischare whom thou thinkst good, do what thou wilt,
Rise, go to bed, stay at home, goe abroad
At thy good pleasure, keepe all companies:
So that for all this, I may haue but peace.
Be vnto me as I was to my wife,
Onely giue me what I denied her then,
A little loue, and some small quietnesse,
If he displease thee, turne him out of doores.

Pip. Who me? turne me out of doores? is this all the
wages I shall haue at the yeares end, to be turned out of
doores? you mistress, you are a:

Splay. A what? speake a what? touch her, and touch me,
raint her, and raint me, speake, speake, a what?

Pip. Marry a woman that is kin to the frost.

Splay. How do you meane that?

Pip. And you are kin to the Lattin word, to vnderstand

Splay. And whats that?

Pip. *Subaudi, Subaudi:* and sir, doe you not vse to pinke

Splay. And why? (dublets?)

Pip. I tooke you for a cutter, you are of a great kinred;
you are a common couzener, euery body calles you
cousen: besides, they say you are a very good warrener,
you haue bin an old Cony-catcher: but if I be turned a-
begging, as I know not what I am borne too, and that
you euer come to the said trade, as nothing is vnpossi-
ble, Ile set all the common-wealth of beggers on your
back, & all the congregation of vermin shall be put to your
keeping, and then if you bee not more bitten then all the

A pleasant conceited Comedie

company of beggers besides, Ile not haue my will:
zownes turn'd out of doores, Ile goe and set vp my trade,
a dish to drinke in, that I haue within, a wallet, and that Ile
make of an old shirt, then my speech, for the Lords sake,
I beseech your worship sir, then I must haue a lame legge,
Ile goe to the foote-ball, and breake my shinnes, and I am
prouided for that.

Bra. What stands the villaine prating, hence you slaue,
Exit Pipkin.

Yong Ar. Art thou yet please?

Ma. When I haue had my humor.

Yong Ar. Good friends for manners sake a while with-

Bra. It is our pleasure sir to stand aside. *(draw.)*

Yong Ar. *Mary*, what cause hadst thou to vse me thus,
From nothing I haue raise thee to much wealth,
T'was more then I did owe thee, many a pound,
Nay many a hundred pounds I spent on thee
In my wiuestime: and once but by my meanes,
Thou hadst beene in much danger: but in all things
My purse and credite euer bare thee out.
I did not owe thee this, I had a wife
That would haue laid her selfe beneath my feet
To doe me seruice, her I set at nought
For the entire affection I bare thee.
To shew that I haue lou'd thee, haue I not,
Aboue all women made chiefe choice of thee?
An argument sufficient of my loue,
What reason then hast thou to wrong me thus?

Ma. It is my humor.

Yong Ar. O but such humors honest wiues should purge,
Ile shew thee a farre greater instance yet,
Of the true loue that I haue borne to thee,
Thou knewst my other wife, was she not faire?

Ma. So, so.

Yong

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Yong. Ar. But more than faire, was she not vertuous,
Indued with the beauty of the mind?

Ma. Faith, so they said.

Yong Ar. Harke in thine eare, Ile trust thee with my life,
Then which what greater instance of my loue:
Thou knewst full well how sodainely she died,
To enioy thy loue, euen then I poysoned her.

Ma. How poysoned her? accursed murtherer,
Ile ring this fatall larum in all eares,
Than which, what greater instance of my hate.

Yong Ar. Wilt thou not keepe my counsell? (her,

Ma. Villaine no: thou'lt poison mee as thou hast poysond

Yong Ar. Dost thou reward me thus for all my loue?

Then *Arthur* fly, and seeke to saue thy life,
O difference twixt a chaste, and vnchaste wife. *Exit.*

An. Pursue the murtherer, apprehend him straight.

Bra. Why, whats the matter Mistris.

Ma. This villaine *Arthur*, poisoned his first wife,
Which he in secret hath confest to me:

Goe and fetch warrants from the Iustices
To attach the murtherer, he once hang'd and dead,
His wealth is mine: pursue the slaue thats fled.

Bra. Mistris, I will, he shall not passe this land,
But I will bring him bound with this strong hand.

Exeunt.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. O what are the vaine pleasures of the world,
That in their actions we affect them so;
Had I beene borne a seruant, my low life
Had steddie stood from all these miseries.
The wauing reedes stand free from euery gust,
When the tall Oakes are rent vp by the roots.
What is vaine beauty, but an idle breath?
Why are wee proud of that which so soone changes?

But

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

But rather with the beauty of the mind
Which neither Time can alter, sicknesse change,
Violence deface, nor the blacke hand of enuy
Smudge and disgrace, or spoile, or make deform'd,
O had my riotous husband borne this mind,
He had bin happy, I had bin more blest,
And peace had brought our quiet soules to rest.

Enter yong Arthur poorely.

Yong Ar. O whether shall I flie to saue my life.
When murther and dispaire dogs at my heeles,
O misery, thou neuer foundest a friend,
All friends forsake men in aduersity,
My brother hath denide to succour me,
Vpbraiding me with name of murtherer,
My vnckles double bar their dores against me,
My father hath denide to shelter me,
And curst me worse then *Adam* did vile *Eue*,
I that within these two dayes had more friends,
Then I could number with Arithmetike,
Haue now no more then one poore cipher is,
And that poore cypher I supply my selfe,
All that I durst commit my fortunes to,
I haue tried, and found none to relieue my wants,
My sodaine flight, and feare of further shame,
Lest me vn furnisht of all necessaries,
And these three dayes I haue not tasted food.

Mi. Ar. It is my husband, O how iust is heauen,
Poorely gisguised, and almost hunger starude,
How comes this change?

Yong Ar. Doth no man follow me,
O How suspitious guilty murder is,
I starue for hunger, and I die for thirst,
Had I a kingdome, I would sell my crowne
For a small bit of bread: I shame to beg,

And

how to choofe a good wife from a bad.

And yet perforce I muſt, or beg, or ſterue.
This houſe belongs to ſome Gentlewoman,
And heer's a woman, I will beg of her:
Good miſtres looke vpon a poore mans wants:
Whome doe I ſee? Tush *Arthur*, ſhe is dead,
But that I ſaw her dead and buried,
I would haue ſworne it had beene *Arthurs* wife;
But I will leaue her, ſhame forbids me beg,
On one ſo much reſembles her.

Mi. Ar. Come hither fellow, wherfore doſt thou turne
Thy guilty lookes and bluſhing face aſide?
It ſeemes thou haſt nor beene brought vp to this.

Yong Ar. You ſay true Miſtris: then for charity,
And for her ſake whome you reſemble moſt,
Pitty my preſent want and miſery.

Mi. Ar. It ſeemes thou haſt beene in ſome better plight,
Sit downe I prethee, men though they be poore,
Should not be ſcorn'd, to eaſe thy hunger, firſt,
Eate theſe conſarues, and now I prethee tell me
What thou haſt beene, thy fortunes, thy eſtate,
And what ſhe was that I reſemble moſt.

Yong Ar. Firſt looke that no man ſee or ouer heare vs,
I thinke that ſhape was borne to do me good.

Mi. Ar. Haſt thou knowne one that did reſemble me,

Yong Ar. Miſtres, I cannot chuſe but weepe,
To call to mind the fortunes of her youth.

Mi. Ar. Of what eſtate or birth was ſhe?

Yong Ar. Borne of good parents, and aſwell brought vp,
Moſt faire, but not ſo faire as vertuous,
Happy in all things but her mariage,
Her riotous husband, which I weepe to thinke,
By his lewd life made them both miſcarry.

Mi. Ar. Why doeſt thou grieue at their aduerſities?

A pleasant conceited Comedie

Yong Ar. O blame me not, that man my kinsman was,
Nearer to me a kinsman could not be:
As neare alied was that chaste woman too
Nearer was neuer husband to his wife:
He whom I tearm'd my friend, no friend of mine,
Prouing both mine and his owne enemy,
Poysoned his wife, O the time he did so,
Loyed at her death, inhumane slaue to doe so,
Exchang'd her loue for a base strumpets lust,
Foule wretch, accursed villaine, to exchange so.

Mi. Ar. You are wise, and blest, and happy to repent so,
But what became of him and his new wife:

Yong Ar. O heare the iustice of the highest heauen,
T his strumpet in reward of all his loue,
Pursues him for the death of his first wife,
And now the wofull husband languisheth,
Flies vpon pursu'd by her fierce hate,
And now too late he doth repent his sinne,
Ready to perish in his owne dispaire,
Hauing no meanes but death to rid his care.

Mi. Ar. I can endure no more but I must weepe,
My blabbing teares cannot my counsell keepe.

Yo. Ar. why weepe you Mistris, if you had the hart
Of her whom you resemble in your face:
But she is dead and for her death,
The sponge of eather eie,
Shall weepe red teares till euery veine is dry.

Mis. Ar. Why weepe you friend, your rainy drops keepe,
Repentance wipes away the drops of sin.
Yet tell me friend, he did exceeding ill,
A wife that lou'd and honourd him, to kill.
Yet say on like her, far more chaste than faire,
Bids him be of good comfort, not dispaire.

Her

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

Her soules appeal'd with her repentant teares,
Wishing he may suruiue her many yeares,
Faine would I giue him money to supply
His present wants, but fearing he should fly,
And getting ouer to some forren shore,
These rainy eyes should neuer see him more.
My heart is full, I can no longer stay,
But what I am my loue must needs bewray.
Fare well good fellow, and take this to spend,
Say one like her commends her to your friend. *Exit.*

Yong Ar. No friend of mine, I was my owne soules foe
To murther my chaste wife that loued me so.
In life she loued me dearer than her life,
What husband here but would wish such a wife.
I heare the Officers with hu and cry,
She sau'd my life but now, and now I die.
And welcome death, I will not stir from hence,
Death I deserued, Ile die for this offence.

Enter Brabo with Officers, Splay and Hugh.

Bra. Heere is the murtherer, and *Reasons* man,
You haue the warrant: Sirs, lay hands on him,
Attach the slaue and lead him bound to death.

Hugh. No by my faith *M. Brabo*, you haue the better
heart, at least you should haue, I am sure you haue more
yron and steele than I haue, doe you lay hands vpon him,
I promise you I dare not.

Bra. Constables forward, forward Officers,
I will not thrust my finger in the fire,
Lay hands on him I say step you backe?
I meane to be the hindmost, least that any
Should runne away, and leaue the rest in perill:
Stand forward, are you not ashamde to feare?

A pleasant conceited Comedy,

Yong Ar. Nay neuer strive, behold I yeeld my selfe,
I must commend your resolution.
That being so many and so weapon'd,
Dare not aduventure on a man vnarm'd.
Now lead me to what prison you thinke best:
Yet vse me well I am a Gentleman.

Hugh. Truly M. *Arthur*, wee will vse you as well as
heart can thinke: the Iustices sit to day, and my mistris is
chiefe, you shall command me.

B. a. What hath he yeelded? if he had withstood vs
This Curtelax of mine had cleft his head,
Relist he durst not when once he spied me,
Come lead him hence, how likest thou this sweet witch?
This fellowes death will make our mistres rich.

Splay. I say I care not who's dead or aliue,
So by their liues or death we two may thriue.

Hugh. Come, beare him away.

Enter Iustice Reason, Old Arthur, old Lusam.

Iust. Old M. *Arthur*, and M. *Lusam*, so is it that I haue
heard both your complaints, but vnderstood neither, for
you know, *Legere, & non intelligere, negligere est.*

Old Ar. I come for fauour, as a father should,
Pittyng the fall and ruine of his sonne.

Old Lus. I come for iustice as a father should,
That hath by violent murder lost his daughter.

Iust. You come for fauour, and you come for iustice,
Iustice with fauour is not partiall,
And vsing that I hope to please you both.

Old Ar. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my sonne,

Old Lu. Good M. Iustice thinke vpon my daughter.

Iust. Why so I doe, I thinke vpon them both,
But can doe neither of you good,

For

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

For he that liues must die, and she thats dead
Cannot be reuined.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, thou seekst to rob mee of my sonne, my
onely Sonne.

Old Lus. He robd me of my daughter, my only daughter.

Iust. And robbers are flat fellows by the Law.

Old Ar. *Lusam*, I say thou art a bloud-sucker,
A Tyrant, a remorselesse Canyball:
Old as I am Ie proue it on thy bones.

Old Lu. Am I a bloud-sucker or Caniball?
Am I a Tyrant that doe thirst for blood?

Old Ar. I, if thou seekst the ruine of my sonne,
Thou art a tyrant and a bloud-sucker.

Old Lu. I, if I seeke the ruine of my son, I am indeed.

Old Ar. Nay more, thou art a dotard:
And in the right of my accursed sonne,
I challenge thee the field, meet me I say
To morrow morning besides *Ist negron*,
And bring thy sword and buckler if thou dar'st.

Old Lu. Meet thee with my sword and buckler.
There's my gloue.

Ile meet thee to reuenge my daughters death.
Cai'st thou me dotard? Though these threescore yeares
I neuer handled weapon but a knife
To cut my meat, yet will I meet thee there.
Gods precious call me dotard?

Old Ar. I haue cause,
Iust cause to call thee dotard, haue I not?

Old Lu. Nay thats another matter, haue you cause?
Then God forbid that I should take exceptions,
To be cald dotard of one that hath cause.

Iust. My maisters, you must leaue this quarrelling, for
quarrellers are neuer at peace, and men of peace, while

A pleasant conceited Comedie

they are at quiet, are neuer quarrelling: so you while you fall into brawles, you cannot choose but iarre. Here comes your Son accused, and your wife the accuser: stand forth both, *Hugh* be ready with your pen and inke to take their examinations and confessions.

*Enter Mary, Splay, Brabo, yong Arthur, Hugh
and Officers.*

Yong. Ar. It shall not need, I doe confesse the deed,
Of which this woman here accuseth me:
I poysoned my first wife, and for that deed,
I yeeld me to the mercy of the Law.

Old Lu. Villaine, thou meanest my onely daughter,
And in her death depriuedst me of all ioyes.

Yong Ar. I meane her, I doe confesse the deed,
And though my body taste the force of law,
Like an offender, on my knee I beg,
Your angry soule will pardon me her death.

Old Lu. Nay, if he kneeling doe confesse the deed,
No reason but I should forgiue her death.

Iust. But so the law must not be satisfide,
Bloud must haue bloud, and men must haue death,
I thinke that cannot be dispenced withall.

Mar. If all the world would forgiue the deed,
Yet would I earnestly pursue the law.

Yong Ar. I had a wife would not haue vsde me so,
The wealth of *Europe* could not hire her tongue,
To be offensive to my patient eares,
But in exchanging her, I did preferre
A Diuell before a Saint, night before a day,
Hell before Heauen, and drosse before tried Gold,
Neuer was bargain with such damage sold.

Bra. If you want witnes to confirme the deed

how to choose a good wife from a bad.

I heard him speake it, and that to his face,
Before this presence I will iu stifie,
I will not part hence till I see him swing.

Splay. I heard him too, pittie but he should die,
And like a murtherer be sent to hell,
To poyson her, and make her belly swell.

Ma. Why stay you then, giue iudgement on the slaue,
Whose shameles life deserues a shamefull graue.

Yong Ar. Deaths bitter panges are not so full of griefe,
As this vnkindnes: euery word thou speak'st,
Is a sharpe dagger thrust quite through my heart,
As little I deserue this at thy hands,
As my kind patient wife deserude of me,
I was her torment, God hath made thee mine,
Then wherefore at iust plagues should I repine?

Iust. Where didst thou buy this poyson? for such drugs
Are felony for any man to sell.

Yong Ar. I had the poyson of *Aminadab*,
But innocent man he was not necessary
To my wifes death, I cleare him of the deed.

Iust. No matter fetch him, fetch him, bring him
To answer to this matter at the barre,
Hugh, take these Officers and apprehend him.

Bra. Ile aide him too, the Schoolemaister I see,
Pe rhaps may hang with him for company.

Enter Anselme, and Fuller.

Ans. This is the day of *Arthurs* examination,
And triall for the murder of his wife,
Lets heare how Iustice *Reason* will proceed
In censuring of his strict punishment.

Ful. *Anselme* content, lets thrust in among the throng.

Enter Aminidab brought in with Officers.

Amin. O *Domine*, what meane these knaues

To lead me thus with billes and glaues?
O what example would it be,
To all my pupils for to see,
To tread their steps all after me:
If for some fault I hanged be,
Somewhat sure I shall marre,
If you bring me to the barre,
But peace, berake thee to thy wits,
For yonder Iustice Reason sits.

Iust. Sir Dad, sir Dad, heere's one accuseth you
To gaue him poyson being jll imployed,
Speake, how in this case you can cleare your selfe.

Ami. *Heimih*, What should I say, the poyson giuen I deny,
he tooke it perforce from my hands, and *Domine* why
not? I.

Got it of a Gentleman, he most freely gaue it,
Aske, he knew me, a meanes was onely to haue it.

Yong Ar. Tis true, I tooke it from this man perforce,
And snacht it from his hand by rude constraint,
Which proues him in this act not culpable.

Iust. I, but who sold the poyson vnto him?
That must be likewise knowne, speake Schoolemaister.

Ami. A man *verbosus*, that was a fine *generosus*,
He was a great guller, his name I take to be *Fuller*,
See where he stands that vnto my hands conueyed a
powder.

And like a knaue sent her to her graue, obscurely to
shrowde her.

Iust. Lay hands on him, are you a poyson seller?
Bring him before vs, sirra, what say you,
Sold you a poyson to this honest man?

Ful. I sold no poyson, but I gaue him one
to kill his rats.

Iust.

Iust. Ha, ha, I smell a rat,
You sold him poyson then to kill his rats?
The word to kill argues a murderous mind,
And you are brought in compasse of the murder,
O set him by, we will not heare him speake,
That *Arthur, Fuller*, and the Schoolemaister,
Shall by the Iudges be examined.

Ans. Sir, if my friend may not speake for himselfe,
Yet let me his proceedings iustifie.

Iust. Whats he that will a murtherer iustifie?
Lay hands on him, lay hands on him I say,
For iustificers are all accessaries,
And accessaries haue deseru'd to die.
Away with him, we will not heare him speake,
They all shall to the high Commissioners.

Enter Mistris Arthur.

Mi. Ar. Nay, slay them, slay them yet a little while,
I bring a warrant to the contrary,
And I will please all parties presently.

Young Ar. I thinke my wiues ghost haunts me to the death,
Wretch that I was, to shorten her liues breath.

Old Ar. Whom doe I see; my sonnes wife?

Old Lu. What my daughter?..

Iust. Is it not Mistris *Arthur* that we see,
That long since buried we supposed to be?

Mi. Ar. This man is condemn'd for poysoning of his
His poysoned wife yet liues, and I am she; (wife,
And iustly therefore I release his bands:
This man for suffering him these drugs to take,
likewise bound, release him for my sake:
This Gentleman that first the poyson gaue,
And this his friend, to be releasde I craue.

L

Murder

Murder there cannot be, where none is kild,
Her bloud is sau'd whom you supposde was spild.
Father in law, I giue you heere your sonne,
The acts to do, which you supposde was done.
And father, now ioy in your daughters life,
Whom heauen hath still kept to be *Arthurs* wife.

Old Ar. O welco.me, welcome daughter, now I see,
God by his power hath preferued thee.

Old Lu. And tis my wench, whom I suppos'd was dead,
My ioy reniues, and my sad woe is fled.

Yong Ar. I know not what I am, nor where I am,
My soules transported to an extasie,
For hope and ioy confound my memory.

Ma. What doe I see liues *Arthurs* wife againe?
Nay, then I labour for his death in vaine.

Bra. What secret force did in nature lurke,
That in her soule the poyson would not worke.

Splay. How can it be the poyson tooke no force,
She liues with that which would haue kild a horse.

Mi. Ar. Nay shun me not, be not ashamde at all
To heauen not me, for grace and pardon call.
Looke on me *Arthur*, blush not at my wrongs.

Yong. Ar. Still feare & hope my griefe & woe prolongs.
But tell me by what power thou didst suruiue?
With my owne hands I temper'd that vilde draught,
That sent thee breathles to thy Grandfires graue,
If that were poyson I receiude of him.

Amin. That *ego nescio*, but this dram,
Receiued I of this Gentleman,
The colour was to kill my rats,
But t'was my owne life to dispatch.

Fal. It is euen so, then this ambiguous doubt,
No man can better then my selfe decide,

That

That compound powder was of Poppie made & Man-
Of purpose to cast one into a sleepe, (drakes
To ease the deadly paine of him whose leg (maister.
Should be sawd off, that powder gaue I to the Schoole-
Ami. And that same powder, euen that *idem*

You tooke from me the same *per fidem.*

Yong Ar. And that same powder, I commixt with wine,
Our godly knot of wedlocke to vntwine.

Old Ar. But daughter, who did take thee from the graue?

Old Lu. Discourse it daughter.

Ans. Nay that labour saue:

Pardon M. *Arthur*, I will now
Confesse the former frailty of my loue,
Your modest wife with words I temptred oft,
But neither illi could report of you,
Nor any good I could forge for my selfe,
Would winne her to attend to my request,
Nay, after death I loude her, insomuch
That to the vault where she was buried,
My constant loue did lead me to the darke,
There ready to haue tane my last farewell,
The parting kisse I gaue her, I felt warme,
Briefly, I bare her to my mothers house,
Where she hath since liu'd the most chaste and true,
That since the worlds creation eye did veiw.

Yong Ar. My first wife stand you here, my second there,
And in the midst my selfe: He that will chuse
A good wife from a bad, come learne of me
That haue tried both, in wealth and misery.
A good wife will be carefull of her fame.

Her husbands credite, and her owne good name,
And such art thou. A bad wife will respect
Her pride, her lust, and her good name neglect,

And such art thou. A good wife will be still
Industrious, apt to doe her husbands will.
But a bad wife, crosse, spightfull, and madding
Neuer keepe home, but alwaies be gadding,
And such art thou,. A good wife will conceale,
Her husbands dangers, and nothing reueale,
That may procure him harme, and such art thou.
But a bad wife corrupts chaste wedlocks vow,
On this hand vertue, and on this hand sin,
This who strue to loose, or this to win?
Here liues perpetuall ioy, here burning woe.
Now husbands choose on which hand you will goe.
Seeke vertuous wiues, all husbands will be blest,
Faire wiues are good, but vertuous wiues are best:
They that my fortunes will peruse, shall find,
No beautie's like the beauty of the mind.



F 7 N 7 S.



